Syn.O.62.29

Sir *Thomas Ouerbury*

HIS

WIFE.

WITH

ADDITIONS OF NEVV CHARA-cters, and many other *Wittie Conceits neuer be-fore Printed.*

The eleuenth Impreſſion.

LONDON,
Printed for *Laurence Liſle*, and are to be ſold by *Henry Seile* at the Tigers-head in Pauls Church-yard, 1622.

351 ; 01

To the Reader.

THE generall acceptance of this matchlesse *Poem* the *Wife*, (written by SIR *Thomas Ouerbury*) is sufficiently approued by many, the worth whereof if any other, out of malice, shall neglect to commend, he may well (if it proceed from nice Criticisme) be excluded as Churlish Retainer to the MVSES: if from direct plain-dealing, he shall be degraded for insufficiencie. For had

ſuch a *Poem* beene extant among the ancient Romanes, although they wanted our eaſie conſeruations of wit by Printing, they 'would haue committed it to braſſe, leſt iniurious time might depriue it of due eternity. If to conuerſe with a creature ſo amiable as is here deſcribed, be thought difficult; let the contemplation therof be held admirable. To which are added (this eleuenth impreſſion) many new *Characters* and *Witty Conceits*, written by himſelfe and others his friends. Howſoeuer, they are now expoſed, not onely to the Iudicious, but to all that carry the leaſt ſcruple of mother wit about them.

Licet toto nunc Helicone frui——Mar.

Elegies of ſeuerall Authors, on the vntimely death of SIR *Thomas Ouerburie poyſoned* in the Tower.

Vpon the vntimely death of SIR *Thomas Ouerburie.*

T Would eaſe our ſorrows, t'would releaſe our teares,
Could we but heare thoſe high celeſtiall Spheares,
Once tune their Motions to a doleſull ſtraine
In ſympathie of what we Mortalls plaine.
Or ſee their faire Intelligences *change*
Or face or habit, when blacke Deeds, ſo ſtrange,
As might force pittie from the Heart of Hell,
Are hatcht by Monſters, which among vs dwell.
The Stars me thinkes, like men inclinde to ſleepe,
Should through their chryſtall caſements ſcarcely peep,
Or at leaſt view vs but with halfe an eie,
For feare their chaſter Influence *might deſcry*
Some murdering hand, oaded in guiltleſſe bloud,
Blending vile iuices to deſtroy the good.
The Sunne ſhould wed his beames to endleſſe Night,
And in dull darkneſſe canopie his Light,
When from the ranke ſtewes of adulterous Breſts,
Where euery baſe vnhallowed Proiect reſts,

Is belcht, as in defiance of his ſoine,
A ſteame, might make euen Death it ſelfe to pine.
But theſe things happen ſtill, but ne're more cleare,
Nor with more luſtre did theſe lamps appeare:
Mercury *capers with a winged heele,*
As if he did no touch of ſorrow feele,
And yet he ſees a true Mercurian kill'd,
Whoſe birth his Manſion with much honour fill'd.
But let me not, miſtake thoſe powers aboue,
Nor taxe iniuriouſly thoſe Courts of Ioue.
Surely, they ioy to ſee theſe Acts reueald,
Which in blinde ſilence haue beene long conceald;
And Vertue now triumphant; whil'ſt we mourne
To thinke that ere ſhe was foule Vices ſcorne:
Or that poore Ouer-buries *bloud was made*
A ſacrifice to Malice and darke ſhade.
Weſton *thy Hand that* Couvre-feu Bell *did ſway,*
Which did his life to endleſſe ſleepe conuay.
But reſt thou where thou art; Ile ſeeke no glorie
By the relation of ſo ſad a ſtorie.
If any more were prinie to the Deed,
And for the crime muſt be adiudg'd to bleed,
To Heauen I pray, with heau'd vp hands and eyes,
That as their Bodies fall, their ſoules may riſe.
And as thoſe equally turne to one duſt,
So theſe a like may ſhine among the iuſt.
And there make vp one glorious conſtellation,
Who ſuffer'd here in ſuch a differing faſhion.

D. T.

To the Memorie of that generally bewailed Gentleman, Sr. *Thomas Ouerburie.*

BVt that w'are bound in Christian pietie
To wish Gods will be done; and Destinie
(In all that haps to Men, or good, or ill)
Suffer'd, or sent, by that implored Will; (Breath
Me thinkes, t'obserue how Vertue drawes faint
Subiect to slanders, Hate, and violent Death,
Wise men kept low, others aduanc'd to State,
Right checkt by wrong, and ill men fortunate;
These mou'd Effects, from an vnmoued Cause,
Might shake the firmest faith; Heauens fixed Lawes
Might casuall seeme, and each irregular Sence
Spurne at iust Order, blame Gods Prouidence
But what is man, t'expostulate the Intents
Of his high Will, or iudge of strange Euents?
The rising Sunne to mortall sight reueales
This earthly Globe; but yet the starres conceales;
So may the Sence discouer Naturall Things;
Diuine aboue the reach of Humane wings.
Then not the Fate, but Fates bad Instrument
Doe I accuse in each sad Accident:
Good men must fall, rapes, incests, murders come;
But woe and curses follow them by whom:
God Authors all mens Actions, not their sinne,
For that proceeds from deu'lish lust within.

Thou then that ſufferd'ſt by thoſe formes ſo vile,
From whom thoſe wicked Inſtruments did file
Thy droſſie part, to make thy Fame ſhine cleare,
And Shrine thy ſoule in Heauens all glorious
Who being good, nought leſſe to thee befell, (ſphere,
Though it appear'd diſguis'd in ſhape of Hell;
Vaniſh thy bloud and Nerues; True life alone
In Vertue liues, and true Religion,
In both which thou art deathleſſe: O behold,
(If thou canſt looke ſo low as Earths baſe mold)
How dreadfull Iuſtice (late with lingring foot)
Now comes like Whirle-winde! how it ſhakes the
Of loftie Cedars; makes the ſtately Brow (root
Bend to the foot! how all men ſee that now
The breath of infamie doth moue their ſailes;
Whiles thy deare name by loues more hearty gales
Shall ſtill keepe Winge, vntill thy Fames extent
Fill eu'ry part of this vaſt Continent.
Then you the Syre of this murder'd Sonne;
Repine not at his Fate; ſince he hath wonne
More Honour in his ſufferance; and his Death
Succeded by his Vertues endleſſe Breath.
For him, and to his Life and Deaths example,
Loue might erect a Statue; Zeale a Temple:
On his true worth the Muſes might be ſtaine
To die his honours Web in pureſt Graine.

C. B.

Vpon the vntimely Death of the Author of this ingenious *Poem* Sir THO: OVERBVRY Knight, poyſoned in *the Tower.*

SO many *Moones*, ſo many times gone round,
And roſe from *Hell*, and *darkneſſe* vnder ground,
And *yet till now, this darkned deed of Hell*
Not brought to light? O tardie *Heauen!* yet tell
If *Murther* laies him downe to ſleepe with *Luſt*
Or no? reueale, as *thou* art *Truth*, and *Iuſt*,
The *Secrets* of this vniuſt Secure *Act*,
And what *our Feares* make vs ſuſpect, *compact*
With greater deeds of miſchiefe, for alone
We thinke not *This*, and doe ſuſpect yet *One*,
To *which* compar'd, *This*, but a *falling Starre*,
That a bright *Firmament of Fire*: Thy *Care*
We ſee takes *meaner things*: *It* times the *World*
The *Signes* at randome through the *Zodiack* hurld,
The *Stars* wild wandrings, & the glib quicke *hinges*
Which turne both *Poles*; and all the *violent changes*
It ouer-lookes, which trouble th'endleſſe courſe
Of the high Firmament: *by thy bleſt Force*
Doe hoarie winter froſts make Forreſts bare
And ſtraight to Groues againe their ſhades repaire,

By

By *Thee* doth *Autumnes, Lyons-flaming Maine*
Ripen the fruits: and the full yeere ſuſtaine
Her burdened powers: *O being ſtill the ſame,*
Ruling ſo much, and vnder *whom* the frame
Of this vaſt world weigh'd, all his *Orbes* doſt guide,
Why are thy Cares of men no more applide?
Or if: why ſeem'ſt thou ſleeping to the *Good*,
And *guarding* to the *Ill?* as if the *brood*
Of beſt things ſtill muſt Chance, take in command
And not thy *Prouidence*: and *Her blind Hand*
Thy *Benefits* erroneouſly diſburſe,
Which ſo let fall, ne're fall but to the *worſe?*
Whence *ſo great crimes* commit the *Greater* ſort,
And boldeſt acts of ſhame blaze in the *Court*,
Where *Buffones* worſhip in their *riſe* of *State*
Thoſe filthie *Scarabs*, whom they *Serue*, and *Hate*,
Sure things meere *backward, there*; *Honour* diſgraſt,
And *Vertue* laid by *Fraud*, and *Poyſon* waſte:
The *Adult'rer vp like Haman*, and ſo *Sainted*:
And *Females modeſty* (as *Females*) painted,
Loſt in all reall worth: what ſhall we ſay?
Things ſo farre out of frame, as if the day
Were come wherein another *Phaeton*
Scolne into *Phœbus waine*, had all miſſe-won
A cleane contrary way: O powerfull *God*,
Right all amiſſe, and ſet the wonted period
Of *Goodneſſe*, in his place againe: *This deed*
Be *Vſher* to bring forth the *Maske*, and *Weed*

Where

Where vnder, blacker things lye hid perhap,
And yet haue Hope to make a ſafe eſcape.
Of *This*, make knowne, why ſuch an inſtrument
As *Weſton* a *poore ſeruingman* ſhould rent
The frame of *this ſad-good-mans* life: did he
Stand with this *Couri-bred* learned OVERBVRIE,
In ſtrife for an *Ambaſſadorſhip?* no, no,
His *Orbe* held no ſuch *light:* what did he owe
The *Prophet* malice for compoſing *this*,
This Cynoſura in neat *Poeſis*,
How *Good*, and *Great* men ought, and *All*, to chuſe
A *chaſt, fit, noble Wife*, and the abuſe
Of *Strumpets* friendly ſhadowing in the ſame,
Was this his fault? or doth there lye a flame
Yet in the embers not vnrack't, for which
He dy'de ſo falſly? *Heauen* we doe beſeech
Vnlocke the ſecret, and bring all to view,
That Law may purge the bloud, Luſt made vntrue.

W. S.

An Elegie consecrated to the memory of the truely worthy and learned Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* KNIGHT.

HAd not thy wrong, like to a wound ill cur'd
Broke forth in death; I had not beene assur'd
Of griefe enough to finish what I write.
These lines, as those which doe in cold bloud fight
Had come but faintly on; for, euer, he
That shrines a name within an *Elegie*,
(Vnlesse some neerer cause doe him inspire)
Kindles his bright flame at the *Funerall* fire.
Since passion (after lessening her extent)
Is then more strong, and so more eloquent.
How powerfull is the hand of *Murther* now!
Was't not enough to see his deare life bowe
Beneath her hate? but crushing that faire frame,
Attempt the like on his vnspotted *Fame*?
O base reuenge! more then inhumane fact!
Which (as the *Romanes* sometime would enact
No doome for *Paricide*, supposing none
Could euer so offend) the vpright *Throne*
Of *Iustice* salues not: leauing that intent
Without a *Name*, without a *Punishment*.
Yet through thy wounded *Fame*, as thorow these
Glasses which multiply the *Species*,

We

We see thy vertues more; and they become
So many *Statues* sleeping on thy *Tombe*.
Wherein confinement new thou shalt endure,
But so; as when to make a *Pearle* more pure
We giue it to a *Doue*, in whose wombe pent
Some time, we haue it forth most orient.
Such is thy lustre now that venom'd *Spight*
With her blacke Soule dares not behold thy light,
But banning it, a course beginnes to runne
With those that curse the rising of the *Sunne*.
The poyson that workes vpwards now, shall striue
To be thy faire *Fames* true *Preseruatiue*.
And witch-craft that can maske the *vpper shine*
With no one cloud shall blinde a ray of thine.
And as the *Hebrewes* in an obscure pit
Their *holy Fire* hid, not extinguish'd it,
And after time, that broke their bondage chaine
Found it, to fire their sacrifice againe:
So lay thy *Worth* some while, but being found,
The *Muses Altars* plentifully crownd
With sweet perfumes, by it new kindled be
And offer all to thy deare Memorie.
Nor haue we lost thee long: thou art not gone,
Nor canst descend into *Oblision*.
But twice the *Sun* went round since thy soule fled,
And onely *that time* men shall terme thee dead.
Hereafter (raisd to life) thou still shalt haue
An *Antidote* against the silent Graue.

W.B. Int. Temp.

Vpon the vntimely Death of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury.*

IF for to liue be but a miſery,
If by death good men gaine eternity,
Twas friendly done in robbing thee of life,
To celebrate thy nuptials with thy Wife;
So that his will no other aime intended,
But by exchange thy life ſhould be amended:
Yet were to compaſſe his inſatiate luſt,
He this laſt friendſhip tendred to thee: truſt
Whiles he diſhonor'd and defam'd may die,
Iuſtice and Fame, ſhall crowne thy memorie.

B. G. *medij Temp.*

In

In obitum intempeſtiuum & lachrymabilem Illuſtriſſimi Equitis aurati Th: Overburi magnæ ſpei & expectationis Viri.

How euer windie miſchiefe raiſe vp high
Dark thickning clouds, to powre vpon vs al
A tempeſt of foule rumors, which deſcry
Thy hard miſhap and ſtrange diſaſtrous fall,
As if thy wounds were bleeding from that hand,
Which rather ſhould haue raiſd thee vp to ſtand.

Yet ſhalt thou here ſuruiue in pittying fame
In thy ſweet Wife, in theſe moſt acute lines,
In well reputed Characters of name,
And vertues tombe, which all thy honor ſhrines:
In ſpight of enuie, or the proudeſt hate,
That thus hath ſet opinion at debate.

But for mine owne part, ſith it falls out ſo,
That death hath had her will; I now compare
It to a wanton hand, which at a throw
To breake a box of precious balme did dare:
With whoſe perfume, although it was thus ſpild,
The houſe and commers by were better fild.

Cap. *Tho. Gainsford.*

A memoriall,
Offered to that man of virtue,
Sir *Thomas Ouerburie.*

ONce dead and twice aliue ; Death could not (frame
A death, whose sting could kill him in his fame.
He might haue liu'd, had not the life, which gaue
Life to his life, betraid him to his graue.
If greatnesse could consist in being Good,
His Goodnesse did adde titles to his bloud.
Onely vnhappy in his liues last fate,
In that he liu'd so soone, to dye so late.
Alas whereto shall men oppressed trust,
When Innocence cannot protect the iust?
His error was his fault, his truth his end,
No enemy his ruine, but his friend.
Cold friendship, where hot vowes are but a breath,
To guerdon poore simplicity with Death:
Was neuer man, that felt the sense of griefe
So Ouerbury'd in a safe beliefe:
Beliefe? O cruell slaughter! times vnbred
Will say, who dies that is vntimelie dead,
By treachery, of lust, or by disgrace.
In friendship, 'twas but *Ouerburies* case;
Which shall not more cõmend his truth, then proue
Their guilt, who were his opposites in loue.

Rest

Reſt happy Man; and in thy ſpheare of Awe
Behold how Iuſtice ſwaies the ſword of Law,
To weed out thoſe, whoſe hands imbrew'd in bloud,
Cropt off thy youth, and flower in the bud.
Sleepe in thy Peace: thus happy haſt thou prou'd,
Thou mightſt haue dy'de more known, not more
(belou'd.
Io. Fo.

Vpon SIR *Thomas Ouerburie* the Author of this ingenious POEM.

HEſperydes (within whoſe gardens grow
Apples of Gold) may well thy loſſe deplore,
For in thoſe Gardens they could neuer ſhow,
A tree ſo faire of ſuch a fruitfull ſtore.
Grace was the Root, and thou thy ſelfe the Tree,
Sweet counſells were the Berries grew on thee.

Wit was the branch that did adorne the Stocke,
Reaſon the Leafe vpon thoſe branches ſpred,
Vnder thy ſhadow did the *Muſes* flocke,
And (by Thee) as a mantle couered.
But what befell, O too much out of kinde!
For thou waſt blaſted by a Weſt-on winde.
R. Ca.

Of Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* his *Wife and Marriage.*

When I behold this Wife of thine so faire,
So far remou'd from vulgar beauties (Ayre
Being lesse bright and pure) me thinkes I see
An vncloath'd Soule, by potent Alchymie
Extraught from ragged matter. Thou hast made
A Wife more innocent then any Maid.
Eua'hs state, before the falls, decyphered here,
And *Plato's* naked vertu's not more cleare
Such an *Idea* as scarse wishes can
Arriue at, but our Hopes must ne're attaine
A Soule so far beyond the common Make
As scorn'd corporeall ioyning. For her sake
(Despairing else contract) Thou too turn'st Soule;
And to enioy her fayres without comptroule,
Cast'st off this bodyes clog: so must all doe,
Cast Matter off, who would abstraction wooe.
To flie so soone then (Soule) well hast thou done:
For, in this life, such beauties are not won.
But when I call to minde thine vnripe fall,
And so sad summons to thy Nuptiall,
Either, in her thy bold desires did taste
Forbidden fruit, and haue this Curse purchast.
Or, hauing this Elixir made thine owne
(Drawne from the rémnant of Creation,)

The *faces* their malignant Spirits breath
To punish thine ambitious loue with death.
Or, thy much emu'de choyce hath made the reſt
Of Concrete Relicts poynt their aymes infeſt
To thy confuſion. And with them ſeduc'd
Friendſhip (diſpleaſd to ſee a Loue produc'de
Leſſe carnall then it ſelfe) with policie
So pure and chaſte a Loue to nullifie.
Yet, howſoe're, there proiect flies in ſmoke, (choke.
The poyſon's cordiall, which they meant ſhould
Their deeds of darkneſſe, like the Bridall Night,
Haue ioyn'd ſpirituall Louers, in deſpight
Of falſe attempts: And now the wedding's done;
When in this life ſuch faires had not beene wonne.

E. G.

To the Booke.

THou wofull Widdow, once happie Wife,
That didſt enioy ſo ſweet a Mate:
Who, now bereaued, is, of Life,
Vntimely wrought, through inward hate.
O Deed moſt vile, to haſte the end
Of him, that was ſo good a friend.

F. H.

On this excellent Poem *the Wife.*

LOe here the matchleſſe patterne of a Wife,
Diſciphered in forme of Good, and Bad:
The Bad commends the Good, as Darke doth (Light,
Or as a loathed Bed a ſingle Life;
The Good, with Wiſdome and Diſcretion clad
With Modeſtie, and faire demeanour dight,
Whoſe Reaſon doth her Will to Loue inuite.

Reaſon begot, and Paſſion bred her Loue,
Selfe-will She ſhun'd, Fitnes the Mariage made;
Fitnes doth cheriſh Loue, Selfe-will Debate.
Loe thus; and in this Monument of proofe
A perfect Wife, a Worke nor Time can fade,
Nor looſe reſpect betray to mortall Fate.
This none can equall; Beſt, but imitate.

R. C.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem the VVife.

I Am glad yet ere I die, I haue found occaſion
Honeſt and iuſt, without the worlds perſwaſion,
Or flattery or bribery, to commend
A woman for her goodneſſe; and God ſend
I may finde many more: I wiſh them well,
They are pretty things to play with: when *Eue* fell
She tooke a care that all the Women-kinde
That were to follow her, ſhould be as blinde
As ſhe was wilfull; and till this good Wife,
This peece of Vertue that ne're tooke her life
From a fraile Mothers labour: Thoſe ſtand ſtill
As marginalls to point vs to our ill
Came to the world, as other creatures doe
That know no God but will; we learnt to wooe,
And if ſhe were but faire, and could but kiſſe,
Twenty to one we could not chuſe amiſſe;
And as we iudge of trees if ſtraight and tall
That may be ſound, yet neuer till the fall
Finde how the raine hath drill'd them; So till now
We onely knew we muſt loue; but not how
But here we haue example, and ſo rare,
That if we hold but common ſenſe and care,
And ſteere by this Card; he that goes awry,
Ile boldly ſay at his Natiuitie,

That man was seal'd a foole; yet all this good
Giuen as it is, not cloath'd in flesh and bloud
Some may auerre and strongly was meere meant
In way of practise, but not president;
Either will make vs happy men; for he
That marrieth any way this mysterie,
Or any parcell of that benefit,
Though he take hold of nothing but the wit,
Hath got himselfe a partner for his life
More then a woman, better then a Wife.

I. F.

Eiusdem in Eadem.

AS from a man the first fraile woman came,
The first that euer made vs know our shame,
And finde the curse of labour; so againe,
Goodnesse and vnderstanding found a man
To take this shame away; and from him sprung
A peece of excellence without a Tongue,
Because it should not wrong vs; yet the life
Makes it appeare a Woman and a Wife.
And this is shee, if euer Woman shall
Doe good hereafter; borne to blesse our fall.

I. F.

On

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburies* Poem the Wife.

WEre euery beauty, euery ſeuerall grace,
Which is in Women, in one womans face,
Some courtly Gallants might, I thinke, come to her,
Which would not wed her, though they ſeem'd to woe her,
Setled affections follow not the Eye;
Reaſon and Iudgement, muſt their courſe deſcry.
Pigmalions Image made of Marble ſtone,
Was lik'd of all; belou'd of him alone.
But heer's a Dame growne husbandleſſe of late,
Which not a man but wiſheth were his Mate.
So faire without, ſo free from ſpot within,
That earth ſeemes here to ſtand exempt from ſin.
Iuno vouchſafe, and *Hymen*, when I wed,
I may behold this Widdow in my Bed.

D. T.

On the Wife.

BEauty affords contentment to the Eye,
Riches are meanes to cure a weake eſtate,
Honour illuſtrates what it commeth nie:
To mary thus men count it happy Fate.
Vertue they think doth in theſe Emblems ſhroud,
But triall ſhews they are gulled with a Cloud:

Theſe are but complements; the inward worth,
The outward cariage, geſture, wit, and grace,
Is that alone that ſets a Woman forth:
And in this Woman, theſe haue each a place.
Were all Wiues ſuch, This age would happy be,
But happier that of our Poſteritie.

D. T.

On the Wife.

VVell haſt thou ſaid, that womē ſhould be ſuch;
And were they that, had but a third as much
I would be maried too, but that I know
Not what ſhe is, but ſhould be thou doſt ſhow:
So let me praiſe thy worke, and let my life
Be ſingle, or thy Widow be my Wife.

X. Z.

On the Wife.

THis perfect Creature, to the Eaſterne vſe
Liu'd, whilſt a wife retir'd from common ſhow:
Not that her Louer fear'd the leaſt abuſe,
But with the wiſeſt knew it fitter ſo:
Sithee, ſalne a widow, and a zealous one,
She would haue ſacrifizde her ſelfe agen,
But importun'd to life; is now alone,
Lou'd, woo'd, admir'd, by all wiſe ſingle-men.
Which, to th'adultrous reſt, that dare beginne
There vs'd temptations, were a mortall ſinne.

To the Wife.

EXpos'd to all, thou wilt leſſe worthie ſeeme
I feare: Wiues common, all men diſeſteeme;
Yet ſome things haue a diffring Fate: ſome fret
We doubt in wares which are in corners ſet:
Hid Medalls ruſt, which being vſde grow bright;
The day more friendeth vertue then the night.
Thou though more common, then maiſt ſeeme more good,
I onely wiſh thou maiſt be vnderſtood.

G. R.

To the cleane contrary Wife.

LOok here: & chide thoſe ſpirits, which maintain
Their Empire, with ſo ſtrong command in you,
That all good eyes, which doe your follies view,
Pitty, what you for them, muſt once ſuſtaine:
O from thoſe Ennills, which free Soules diſdaine
To be acquainted with, (and but purſue
Worſt Minds) from them (as hatefull, as vntrue,)
By reading this, for Fames faire ſake refraine:
Who would let feed vpon her birth, the brood
Of lightneſſe, Indiſcretion, and the ſhame
Of foule Incontinence, when the baſe bloud
Is careleſſe only of an Honourd Name,
Be all that gentle are, more high Improou'd,
For looſe Dames are but flatter'd, neuer Lou'd.

W. Stra.

Of the choyce of a Wife.

IF I were to chuſe a Woman,
As who knowes but I may marry:
I would truſt the eye of woman,
Nor a tongue that may miſcarry:
For in way of Loue and Glory
Each tongue beſt tels his owne ſtory.

Firſt, to make my choyce the bolder,
I would haue her childe to ſuch:
Whoſe free vertuous liues are older
Then Antiquitie can touch:
For tis ſeldome ſeene, that blood
Giues a beauty great and good.

Yet an ancient ſtocke may bring
Branches I confeſſe of worth,
Like rich mantles ſhadowing
Thoſe deſcents that brought them forth,
Yet ſuch Hills though gilded ſhow
Sooneſt feele the Age of ſnow.

Therefore

Therefore to preuent ſuch care
That repentance ſoone may bring,
Like Marchants I would chooſe my ware,
Vſe-full good, *not glittering.*
He that weds for ſtate or face,
Buyes a Horſe to loſe a Race.

Yet I would haue her faire as any,
But her owne not kiſt away:
I would haue her free to many,
Looke on all like equall day;
But deſcending to the Sea,
Make her ſet with none but me.

If ſhe be not tall tis better;
For that word, A goodly Woman,
Prints it ſelfe in ſuch a letter,
That it leaues vnſtudied no man:
I would haue my Miſtreſſe grow
Onely tall to anſwere No.

Yet

Yet I would not haue her loſe
So much breeding, as to fling
Vnbecomming ſcorne on thoſe
That muſt worſhip euery thing.
Let her feare looſe lookes to ſcatter,
And looſe men will feare to flatter.

Children I would haue her beare,
More for loue of name then bed:
So each childe I haue is heyre
To another mayden-head;
For ſhe that in the act's afraide,
Euery night's another maide.

Such a one, as when ſhees woo'd,
Bluſhes not for ill thoughts paſt;
But ſo innocently good,
That her dreames are euer chaſt;
For that Maide that thinkes a ſin,
Has betraide the Fort ſhee's in.

Of the choyce of a Wife.

In my viſitation ſtill,
I would haue her ſcatter feares,
How this man, and that was ill,
After proteſtations Teares:
And who vowes a conſtant life,
Crownes a meritorious Wife.

When the Prieſt firſt giues our hands,
I would haue her thinke but thus;
In what high and holy bands
Heauen-like twins, hath planted vs,
That like Aarons *rod together,*
Both may bud, grow greene, and wither.

An *Elegie* in praiſe of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury, and his* POEM.

T'Is dangerous to be *good*: well we may praiſe
Honeſtie, or *Innocence*; but who can raiſe
A powre, that ſhall ſecure't, 'gainſt wrongs to come,
When ſuch a *Saint* hath ſuffer'd *Martyrdome*?
Iniurious hands, which 'cauſe they could not get
The *gemme*: would therefore ſpoyle the *cabinet*.
But, though the *cage* be broke, the *bird* is flowne
To *heauen*, her proper and ſecurer home:
Where 'mongſt a quire of *Saints*, and *Cherubins*,
Of *Angels*, *Thrones*, and *Seraphins*, ſhe ſings
Thoſe ſacred *Haleluiahs*: heauen may boaſt
T'haue got that Angell there, which we haue *loſt*:
But we ſhall ſtill complaine, for to vs *here*,
A *Saint* is more loſſe, than a *throne* is *there*.
That *Firmament* of holy *fires* which we
Enioyed, whilſt thou wert, by enioying thee,
Lyes now rak't vp in *aſhes* as the light
Of day, the Sunne once gone, is drownd in night.
But as the *Moone*, ſometimes, the *Sun* being ſet,
Appeares, and we a new (though leſſe) light get;
So though our greateſt *lampe*, of vertue be,
By cruell Fate, *extinguiſhed*, in thee;
Yet, to adde ſome freſh *oyle* t'our *ſnuffe* of life,
Thou haſt, behind thee, left a matchleſſe *wife*:

Who

Who hath (ſince that ſad time her Husband di'de)
Beene wooed by many, for a ſecond bride:
But like a chaſte religious widow, ſhe
Hauing loſt her firſt mate, Scornes *bigamie*.

P. B. *medij Temp.*

A *Statue* erected in memorie of Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* his *Wife*.

VPon a *Marble* fram'd by th'cunningſt hand,
In garments greene, and orient to behold,
Like a moſt louely *Virgin* let her ſtand,
And on her head a crowne of pureſt gold.
Firſt let Religion, in her heart haue place,
As th'ground & fountaine whence all vertues ſpring
So that each thought being ſanctified by Grace:
The puniſhment t'eſcape, that's due to ſinne.
Let *Beauty* (ioyn'd with modeſty) appeare
Loues obiect in her face; and chaſtitie
In her faire *eyes*, brighter then chryſtall cleere
Wherein life moues, affections led *thereby*.
In her hands *charity*, and at the right
The holy Angells let protecting be:

And

And at the left, Gods mercies ſhining bright
Diſtributing to each neceſſitie.
Let th'earth his riches yeeld to her, and more
The heauens their influence, and by the ſame
Vnto the blinde their ſight let her reſtore
Strength'ning the weake, and raiſing vp the lame,
Vnder her feet the Deuill and darkneſſe ſet,
Let Pride faſt bound in chaines behinde her lie,
Baſe ſelfe-loue, not appeare in place, and let
Foule-luſt, and *Enuie* from her preſence flie,
And on her *Breaſt*, in golden letters write
Heauens beſt belou'd, earths chiefeſt delight.

He that (in's Choyce) would meet with ſuch a Wife,
Muſt vow virginitie and ſingle life.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerburie* and his VVIFE.

ALL right, all wrong befalls me through a Wife,
A Bad one gaue me Death, a Good one Life.

An Elegie vpon the Death of Sir *Thomas Ouerbury Knight* poysoned in the Tower.

Hadst thou like other Sirs and Knights of worth
Sickned and dyde, beenstretcht-out and laid forth
After thy farewell Sermon, taken earth
And left no deed to praise thee but thy birth,
Then Ouerbury *by a passe of theirs,*
Thou might'st haue tyded hence in two howers teares,
Then had we worne thy sprigs of memory
No longer then thy friends did Rosemary;
Or then the doale was eating for thy sake,
And thou hadst sunke in thy owne wine and cake;
But since it was so ordered and thought fit
By some who knew thy truth and fear'd thy wit,
Thou shouldst be poysoned. Death hath done thee grace,
Ranckt thee aboue the region of thy place.
For none heares poyson nam'd but makes replie
What Prince was that? what Statesman so did die?
In this thou hast out dyde an Elegie
Which were to narrow for posteritie,
And thy strong poyson which did seeme to kill,
Working a fresh in some Historians quill,
Shall now preserue thee longer ere thou rot,
Then could a Poem mixt with Antidot;

Nor

Nor needest thou truſt a Herrald with thy name,
That art the voyce of Iuſtice and of Fame;
Whilſt ſinne (deteſting her owne conſcience) ſtriues
To pay the uſe and intereſt of, liues,
Enough of ryme, and might it pleaſe the law
Enough of bloud; for naming liues I ſaw,
He that writes more of thee muſt write of more,
Which I affect not, but referre men ore
To Tyburne by whoſe Art they may define
What life of man is worth, in valewing thine.

On Sir *Thomas Ouerbury.*

THough dumbe, deafe, dead, I crie, I heare, I kill,
Thus growne a Politician gainſt my will.

I. M.

An *Elegie* on the late *Lord William Haward* Barron of Effingham, dead *the tenth of December*, 1615.

I Did not know thee Lord, nor doe I ſtriue
To winne acceſſe, or grace, with Lords aliue:
The dead I ſerue, from whence nor faction can
Moue me, nor fauour: nor a greater man.
To whom no vice commends me, nor bribe ſent,
From whom no Pennance warns, nor portion ſpent,
To theſe I dedicate as much of me
As I can ſpare from mine owne husbandry:
And till Ghoſts walke, as they were wont to doe
I trade for ſome and doe theſe errants too.
But firſt I doe enquire, and am aſſur'd
What Tryals in their Iourneyes they endur'd,
What certainties of Honour and of worth,
Their moſt vncertaine Life-times haue brought forth,
And who ſo did leaſt hurt of this ſmall ſtore,
He is my Patron, dyed he rich, or poore.
Firſt I will know of Fame (after his peace
When Flattery and Enuy both doe ceaſe)
Who rul'd his actions: Reaſon or my Lord?
Did the whole man relie vpon a word,
A badge, a Title, or aboue all chance
Seem'd he as Ancient as his Cogniſance.

Wha

What did he? acts of mercy; and refraine
Oppreſſion in himſelfe, and in his Traine.
Was his eſſentiall Table full as free
As Boaſts and inuitations vſe to be?
Where if his Ruſſet-friend did chance to dine,
Whether his Satten-man would fill him wine.
Did he thinke periurie as lou'd a ſinne
Himſelfe forſworne, as if his ſlaue had beene?
Did he ſeeke Regular pleaſures, was he knowne
Iuſt Husband to one Wife, and ſhe his owne?
Did he giue freely without pauſe, or doubt,
And read petitions, ere they were worne out?
Or ſhould his well-deſeruing *Clyent* aske,
Would he beſtow a Tilting, or a Maske
To keepe need vertuous. And that done not feare
What Lady dam'd him for his abſence there?
Did he attend the Court for no mans fall,
Wore he the ruine of no Hoſpitall.
And when he did his rich apparrell don,
Put he no Widow nor an Orphan on.
Did he loue ſimply vertue for the thing,
The King for no reſpect but for the King.
But aboue all did his religion waite
Vpon Gods Throne, or on the chaire of ſtate.
He that is guilty of no *Quære* here.
Out-laſts his Epitaph, out-liues his Heyre.
But there is none ſuch, none ſo little bad,
Who but this negatiue goodneſſe euer had?

Of such a Lord we may expect the birth,
Hee's rather in the wombe then on the earth.
And t'were a Crime in such a publike fate
For one to liue well and degenerate:
And therefore I am angry when a name
Comes to vpbraid the World like *Effingham*.
Nor was it modest in thee to depart
To thy eternall home, where now thou art;
Ere thy reproach was ready: or to die
Ere custome had prepard thy calumny.
Eight daies haue past since thou hast paid thy debt
To sinne, and not a libell stirring yet,
Courtiers that scoffe by Patent, silent sit,
And haue no vse of Slander, or of wit:
But (which is monstrous) though against the tide,
The Water-men haue neither rayld nor lide.
Of good and bad there's no distinction knowne,
For in thy praise the good and bad are one.
It seemes we all are couetous of Fame,
And hearing what a purchase of good name
Thou lately mad'st, are carefull to increase
Our title by the holding of some lease (crew
From thee our Land-lord, and for that th'whole
Speake now like Tenants ready to renew.
It were too sad to tell thy pedigree,
Death hath disordered all misplacing thee,
Whilst now thy Herrald in his line of heyres
Blots out thy name, and fills the space with teares.

And

And thus hath conquering Death or Nature rather
Made thee preposterous ancient to thy Father
Who grieues th'art so, and like a glorious light
Shines ore thy Hearse. He therefore that would write
And blaze thee throughly, may at once say all,
Here lyes the Anchor of our Admirall.
Let others write for glory or reward,
Truth is well payd when she is sung and heard.

Ad Comitissam Rutlandiæ.

MAdame so may my verses pleasing be,
So you may laugh at them and not at me.
T'is something to you gladly I would say,
But how to do't, I cannot finde the way.
I would auoid the common beaten waies
To Women vsed, which are loue or praise:
As for the first the little wit I haue
Is not yet growne so neere vnto the graue,
But that I can by that dimme fading light,
Perceiue of what, and vnto whom I write.
Let such as in a hopelesse witlesse rage,
Can sigh a quire, and read it to a Page;
Such as can make ten Sonnets ere they rest,
When each is but a great blot at the best;
Such as doe backes of bookes and windowes fill,
With their too furious Diamond or quill;

Such as are well reſolu'd to end their daies,
With a loud laughter blowne beyond the Seas;
Who are ſo mortified that they can liue
Contemn'd of all the world, and yet forgiue.
Write loue to you: I would not willingly
Be pointed at in euery company.
As was that little Taylor, who till death,
Was hot in loue with *Qu: Elizabeth.*
And for the laſt in all my idle daies,
I neuer yet did liuing woman praiſe
In proſe or verſe: And when I doe beginne,
Ile picke ſome woman out, as full of ſinne
As you are full of vertue, with a ſoule
As blacke as yours is white, A face as foule
As yours is beautifull, for it ſhall be,
Out of the rules of Phiſiognomie:
Soefarre that I doe feare I muſt diſplace
The Art a little to let in her face:
It ſhall at leaſt foure Faces be below
The deuils; and her parched corps ſhall ſhew,
In her looſe skin, as if ſome ſpirit ſhe were,
Kept in a bag by ſome great Coniurer:
Her breath ſhall be as horrible and vild,
As euery word you ſpeake is ſweet and mild.
It ſhall be ſuch a one, as will not bee
Couer'd with any Art or policie.
But let her take all powders, fumes, and drinke,
She ſhall make nothing but a dearer ſtinke.

She ſhall haue ſuch a foot and ſuch a noſe,
As will not ſtand in any thing but proſe:
If I beſtow my praiſes vpon ſuch,
Tis Charitie and I ſhall merit much:
My praiſe will come to her like a full boule,
Beſtowed at moſt need on a thirſtie ſoule;
Where, if I ſing your praiſes in my Rime,
I loſe my Inke, my Paper, and my Time;
And nothing adde to your o'reflowing ſtore,
And tell you nought but what you knew before;
Nor doe the vertuous minded (which I ſweare
Madam I thinke you are) endure to heare
Their owne perfections into queſtions brought,
But ſtop their Eares at them; for if I thought
You tooke a pride to haue your vertues knowne,
Pardon me Madam, I ſhould thinke them none.
To what a length is this ſtrange letter growne,
In ſeeking of a ſubiect yet findes none.
But if your braue thoughts, which I much reſpect
Aboue your glorious Titles, ſhall accept
Theſe harſh diſordered Lines, I ſhall ere long
Dreſſe vp your vertues new, in a new ſong;
Yet farre from all baſe praiſe and flatterie,
Although I know what ere my Verſes be,
They will like the moſt ſeruile flattry ſhow
If I write truth, and make my ſubiect you.

An

An Elegie on the Death *of the* LADY RVTLAND.

I May forget to eat, to drinke, to sleepe,
Remembring thee, but when I doe, to weepe
In well weigh'd lines, that men shall at thy hearse
Enuy the sorrow which brought forth my verse.
May my dull vnderstanding haue the might
Onely to know her last was yesternight?
Rutland the faire is dead, or if to heare
The name of *Sydney* will more force a teare,
Tis she that is so dead; and yet there be
Some more aliue professe not Poetrie:
The Statesmen and the Lawyers of our time
Haue businesse still, yet doe it not in rime:
Can she be dead, and can there be of those
That are so dull to say their prayers in prose?
It is three dayes since she did feele Deaths hand
And yet this Ile not cald the Poets Land?
Hath this no new ones made, and are the old
At such a needfull time as this growne cold?
They all say they would faine, but yet they plead
They cannot write because their Muse is dead.
Heare me then speake which will take no excuse,
Sorrow can make a verse without a Muse.

Why

Why didſt thou die ſo ſoone? O pardon me
I know it was the longeſt life to thee,
That ere with modeſty was cald a ſpan
Since the Almightie left to ſtriue with man;
Mankinde is ſent to ſorrow; and thou haſt
More of the buſineſſe which thou cam'ſt for paſt,
Then all thoſe aged Women which yet quicke
Haue quite out-liu'd their owne Arithmeticke.
As ſoone as thou couldſt apprehend a griefe,
There were enow to meet thee, and the chiefe
Bleſſing of women: mariage was to thee
Nought but a ſacrament of Miſerie:
For whom thou hadſt, if we may truſt to Fame,
Could nothing change about thee, but thy name.
A name which who (that were againe to doo't)
Would change without a thouſand ioyes to boot
In all things elſe, thou rather leadſt a life
Like a betrothed Virgin then a Wife.
But yet I would haue cald thy Fortune kinde
If it had onely tride thy ſetled minde,
With preſent croſſes; Not the loathed thought
Of worſe to come, or paſt, then might haue wrought
Thy beſt remembrance to haue caſt an eye
Backe with delight vpon thine infancie:
But thou hadſt ere thou knewſt the vſe of teares
Sorrow layd vp againſt thou com'ſt to yeares,
Ere thou wert able, who thou wert to tell
By a ſad warre thy noble Father fell.

In

In a dull clime which did not vnderſtand
What t'was to venture him to ſaue a Land;
He left two children who, for vertue, wit,
Beauty, were lou'd of all; Thee and his wit;
Two was too few, yet death hath from vs tooke
Thee a more faultleſſe iſſue, then his Booke,
Which now the onely liuing thing we haue
From him, wee'le ſee, ſhall neuer finde a graue
As thou haſt done: alas would it might be,
That bookes their Sexes had as well as we,
That we might ſee this maried to the worth
And many Poems like it ſelfe bring forth:
But this vaine wiſh Diuinity controules,
For neither to the Angels, nor to ſoules,
Nor any thing he meant ſhould euer liue,
Did the wiſe God of Nature ſexes giue;
Then with his euerlaſting worke alone
We muſt content our ſelues ſince ſhe is gone;
Gone like the day thou dyed'ſt vpon, and we
May call that backe againe as ſoone as thee.
Who ſhould haue lookt to this, where were you all
That doe your ſelues the helpes of Nature call
Phyſitians? I acknowledge you were there
To ſell ſuch words as none in health would heare
So dyde ſhe: Curſt be he who ſhall defend
Your Art of haſtning Nature to an end.
In this you ſhew'd that Phyſicke can but be
At beſt, an Art, to cure your powerie;

You're many of you Impoſtors, and doe giue
To ſicke men potions that your ſelues may liue.
He that hath ſurfeited and cannot eate,
Muſt haue a medcine to procure you meate,
And that's the deepeſt ground of all your skill,
Vnleſſe it be ſome knowledge how to kill.
Sorrow and madneſſe make my verſes flow
Croſſe to my vnderſtanding. For I know
You can doe wonders; euery day I meete
The looſer ſort of people in the ſtreete
From deſperate diſeaſes freed, and why
Reſtore you them, and ſuffer her to die?
Why ſhould the State allow you Colledges,
Penſions for Lectures, and Anatomies?
If all your potions, vomits, letting bloud,
Can onely cure the bad, and not the good?
Which onely they can doe, and I will ſhow
The hidden reaſon why, you did not know
The way to cure her. You beleeu'd her bloud
Ran in ſuch courſes as you vnderſtood,
By Lectures you beleeu'd her arteries
Grew as they doe in your Anatomies.
Forgetting, that the State allowes you none
But onely Whores and Theeues to practiſe on.
And euery paſſage about them I'me ſure
You vnderſtood, and onely them can cure,
Which is the cauſe that both——
Are noted for enioying ſo long liues.

But noble bloud treades in too ſtrange a path
For your ill-got Experience; and hath
Another way of cure. If you had ſeene
Penelope diſſected, or the Queene
Of *Sheba*, then you might haue found a way
To haue preſeru'd her from that fatall day.
As tis. You haue but made her ſooner bleſt
By ſending her to heauen, where let her reſt.
I will not hurt the peace which ſhe ſhould haue
By longer looking in her quiet graue.

FINIS.

The Method.

First, of Marriage, and the effect thereof, Children. Then of his contrary, Lust; *then for his choyce, First, his opinion negatiuely, what shouldnot bee: the First causes in it, that is, neither* Beauty, Birth, *nor* Portion. *Then affirmatiue, what should bee, of which kinds there are foure:* Goodneſſe, Knowledge, Diſcretion, *and as a second thing,* Beautie. *The first only is absolutely good: the other being built vpon the first doe likewiſe become ſo. Then the application of that woman by loue to himſelfe, which makes her a Wife. And laſtly, the only condition of a Wife,* Fitneſſe.

A WIFE.

EAch Woman is a *briefe* of Womankind,
And doth in little euen as much containe,
As, in one Day and Night, all life we finde,
Of either, More, is but the ſame againe:
God fram'd Her ſo, that to her *Husband* She,
As *Eue*, ſhould all the *world of Women be.*

So

So fram'd he *Both*, that *neither* power he gaue
Vſe of themſelues, but by *exchange* to make:
Whence in their Face, the *Faire* no pleaſure haue,
But by *reflex* of what thence *other* take.
Our Lips in their owne Kiſſe no pleaſure finde:
Toward their proper Face, our Eyes are blinde.

So God in *Eue* did *perfit* Man, *begun*;
Till then, in vaine much of himſelfe he had:
In *Adam* God created onely *one*,
Eue, and the *world to come*, in *Eue* he made.
We are *two halfes*: whiles each from other ſtraies,
Both barren are; *Ioyn'd*, *both* their *like* can raiſe.

At firſt, both *Sexes* were in *Man* combinde,
Man a *Shee-Man* did in his body breed;
Adam was *Eues*, *Eue* Mother of Mankinde,
Eue from *Liue-fleſh*, Man did from *Duſt* proceed.
One, thus made *two*, *Mariage* doth re-vnite,
And makes them both but one *Hermaphrodite*.

Man

Man did but the *well being* of his life
From *Woman* take; her *Being* she from *Man*:
And therefore *Eue* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all her *Sex*, began:
Mariage their obiect is: their *Being* then,
And now *Perfection*, they receiue from *Men*.

Mariage; to all whose ioyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being *parted* so,
Wherein the very *Act* is Chastitie,
Whereby *two Soules* into *one Body* goe.
Which make *two one*; while here they liuing be,
And after death in their *posteritie*.

God to *each Man a priuate woman* gaue,
That in that *Center* his *desires* might stint,
That he a *comfort like himselfe* might haue,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint*.
Double is Womans *vse*, part of their end
Doth on *this Age*, part on the *next* depend.

A WIFE.

We fill but *part of time*, and cannot dye,
Till we the world a *freſh ſupply* haue lent,
Children are Bodies ſole *Eternitie*;
Nature is *Gods*, *Art* is *Mans* inſtrument.
Now all *Mans Art* but only dead things makes,
But herein *Man* in things of *life* partakes.

For wandring *Luſt*; I know tis infinite,
It ſtill *begins*, and addes not more to more.
The *guilt* is euerlaſting, the *delight*,
This inſtant doth not feele, of *that* before.
The *taſt* of it is only in the *Senſe*,
The *operation* in the *Conſcience*.

Woman is not *Luſts bounds*, but *Womankinde*;
One is *Loues number*: who from that doth fall
Hath loſt his hold, and no *new reſt* ſhall finde;
Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all.
A *Wife* is that *enough*, *Luſt* cannot finde;
For *Luſt* is ſtill with *want*, or *too much*, *pinde*.

Bate

Bate *luſt* the Sin, my ſhare is eu'n with his,
For, *Not to luſt*, and to *Enioy* is one:
And more or leſſe paſt, *equall* Nothing is;
I ſtill haue *one*, Luſt *one at once*, alone:
And though the woman often changed be,
Yet Hee's the ſame without variety.

Marriage our *luſt* (as twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the ſame*, allay;
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie deſire*,
My ſelfe I cannot chuſe, *my wife* I may:
And in the choyce of *Her*, it much doth lie,
To mend my ſelfe in my poſterity.

O rather let me *Loue*, then *be in loue*;
So let me chuſe, as *Wife* and *Friend* to finde,
Let me forget her *Sex*, when I *approue*,
Beaſts likeneſſe lies in *ſhape*, but *ours* in *minde*:
Our *Saules no Sexes* haue, their Loue is cleane,
No *Sex*, both in the *better part* are *Men*.

But Phyſicke for our *luſt* their *Bodies* be,
But matter fit to ſhew our *Loue* vpon:
But only *Shells* for our *poſteritie*,
Their ſoules were giu'n leſt men ſhould be alone:
For, but the *Soules Interpreters*, *words be*,
Without which, *Bodies* are no company.

That *goodly frame* we ſee of fleſh and bloud,
Their *faſhion* is, not *weight*; it is I ſay
But their *Lay-part*; but well digeſted food;
This but twixt *Duſt, and Duſt*, *lifes middle way*:
The worth of it is nothing that is *ſeen*,
But only that it holds a *Soule* within.

And all the carnall *Beauty* of my Wife,
Is but skin-deepe, but to *two ſenſes* knowne;
Short euen of Pictures, ſhorter liu'd then Life,
And yet the *loue* ſuruiues, that's built thereon:
For our *Imagination* is too high,
For *Bodies*, when they meet, to ſatisfie,

All

All Shapes, all Colours are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* diſtinguiſh *foule or faire*:
But mans *imagination*, and his *ſight*,
And thoſe, but the firſt weeke; by Cuſtome are
Both made alike, which differed at *firſt view*,
Nor can that difference *abſence* much renew.

Nor can that *Beauty*, lying in the *Face*,
But meerely by *imagination* be
Enioy'de by vs, in an *inferiour place*.
Nor can that *Beauty* by *enioying we*
Make *ours become*; ſo our *deſire* growes tame,
We changed are, but it remaines the ſame.

Birth, leſſe then *Beauty*, ſhall my *Reaſon* blinde,
Her *Birth* goes to my *Children*, not to me:
Rather had I that *actiue Gentrie* finde,
Vertue, then *paſſiue* from her Anceſtry;
Rather in *her aliue* one vertue ſee,
Then all the reſt dead in her *Pedigree*.

In the Degrees, high rather be ſhe plac't,
Of *Nature*, then of *Art*, and *Policie*:
Gentrie is but a *relique* of time paſt,
And *Loue* doth only but the *preſent* ſee; (*ſame*
Things were firſt made, then *words*: ſhe were the
With, or *without*, *that title*, or that name.

As for (the oddes of Sexes) *Portion*,
Nor will I ſhun it, nor my aime it make;
Birth, *Beauty*, *Wealth*, are nothing worth alone,
All theſe I would for *good additions* take,
Not for *Good parts*; thoſe *two* are ill combin'd,
Whom, any *third* thing frō *themſelues*, hath ioyn'd.

Rather then theſe the obiect of my *Loue*,
Let it be *Good*; when theſe with vertue goe,
They (in themſelues *indifferent*) vertues proue,
For *Good* (like fire) turnes all things to be ſo.
Gods image in Her *Soule*, O let me place
My *Loue* vpon; not *Adams* in Her *Face*.

Good,

Good, is a fairer attribute then *White*,
Tis the *mindes beauty* keepes the *other* ſweet:
That's not ſtill one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glaſſe, nor painting can it counterfet,
Nor doth it raiſe deſires, which euer tend
At once, to their perfection, and their end.

By *Good* I would haue *Holy* vnderſtood,
So *God* ſhe cannot loue, but alſo *me*,
The Law requires our *words* and *deeds* be good,
Religion euen the *Thoughts* doth ſanctifie:
And ſhe is *more* a *Maid* that *rauiſht* is,
Then She which only doth but *wiſh amiſſe*.

Luſt only by *Religion* is withſtood;
Luſts obiect is aliue, his ſtrength within;
Morality reſiſts but in *cold blood*;
Reſpect of *Credit* feareth *ſhame*, not *ſinne*.
But no place *darke enough* for ſuch offence
She finds, that's *watcht* by her owne *conſcience*.

Then may I *Truſt her Bodie* with her *minde*,
And, thereupon ſecure, need neuer know
The pangs of *Iealouſie*: and *Loue* doth finde
More paine to *doubt* her falſe, then *know* her ſo:
For *Patience* is, of euils that are knowne,
The certaine Remedie; but *Doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* ſtirr'd, twill neuer die,
Nor will the griefe more milde by cuſtome proue;
Nor yet *Amendment* can it ſatisfie,
The *Anguiſh* more or leſſe, is *as our loue*:
This miſerie doth *Iealouſie* enſue,
That we may proue her *falſe*, but cannot *True*.

Suſpicions may the will of *Luſt* reſtraine,
But *Good* preuents from hauing ſuch a *will*,
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chaſt and more* containe,
For *Chaſt* is but an *Abſtinence* from ill:
And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*, although the *beſt*
Of qualities; yet in a *Good* the *leaſt*.

To barre the meanes is *Care*, not *Iealousie*:
Some *lawfull* things to be auoyded are,
When they *occasion* of *vnlawfull* be:
Lust ere it hurts is best descryde a farre:
Lust is a sinne *of two*; he that is sure
Of *either* part, may be of *both* secure.

Giue me next *Good*, an *vnderstanding Wife*,
By Nature *wise*, not *Learned* by much Art,
Some *Knowledge* on Her side, will all my life
More scope of conuersation impart,
Besides, Her inborne vertue fortifie, (why.
They are most firmely good, that best know

A *passiue vnderstanding* to conceiue,
And *Iudgement* to discerne, I wish to finde:
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leaue;
Learning, and *pregnant wit* in Woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable, maketh fraile,
And doth not adde more *ballast*, but more *saile*.

Domesticke

A WIFE.

Domeſticke Charge doth beſt that *Sexe* befit,
Contiguous buſineſſe; ſo to fixe the Minde,
That *Leaſure* ſpace for *Fancies* not admit:
Their *Leaſure* 'tis, corrupteth *Woman-kinde*,
Elſe, being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heau'n a ſhorter cut then wee.

Bookes are a part of Mans prerogatiue,
In formall Inke they *Thoughts* and *Voyces* hold,
That we to them our ſolitude may giue,
And make *Time-preſent* trauell that of *old*.
Our life, *Fame* peeceth longer at the end,
And *Bookes* it farther backward doe extend.

As *good*, and *knowing*, let her be *Diſcreet*,
That, to the others *weight*, doth *Faſhion* bring;
Diſcretion doth conſider what is *Fit*,
Goodneſſe but what is *lawfull*; but the *Thing*,
Not *Circumſtances*; *Learning* is and *wit*,
In Men, but *curious folly without it*.

To

To keepe their Name, when 'tis in others hands,
Diſcretion askes; their *Credit* is by farre
More *fraile* then *They*: on likely-hoods it ſtands,
And hard to be diſprou'd, *Luſts ſlanders* are.
Their *Carriage*, not their *Chaſtitie* alone,
Muſt keepe their *Name* chaſte from *ſuſpicion*.

Womens *Behauiour* is a ſurer barre
Then is their *No: That* fairely doth *denie*
Without *denying*; *thereby* kept they are
Safe eu'n from *Hope*; in part to blame is ſhee,
Which hath *without conſent* bin only tride;
He comes too *neere*, that comes *to be denide*.

Now ſince a *Woman* we to *Marrie* are,
A *Soule* and *Body*, not a *Soule* alone;
When one is *Good*, then be the other *Faire*;
Beauty is *Health*, and *Beauty*, both in one;
Be ſhe ſo faire, as change can yeeld no gaine;
So faire, as Shee moſt Women elſe containe,

To

A WIFE.

So Faire at leaſt let me imagine Her;
That thought to *me* is *Truth*: *opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no eies ſhall I ſee her but *mine owne*.
And as my *Fancy Her* conceiues to be,
Euen ſuch my Senſes both, doe *Feele* and *See*.

The *Face* we may the ſeat of *Beauty* call,
In it the relliſh of the reſt doth lye,
Nay eu'n a figure of the *Minde* withall:
And of the *Face*, the *Life* moues in the *Eye*;
No things elſe, being *two*, ſo like we ſee,
So like, that they, *two* but in number, be.

Beauty in *decent ſhape*, and *Colours* lies,
Colours the *matter* are, and *ſhape* the *Soule*;
The *Soule*, which from no ſingle part doth riſe,
But from the iuſt proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *ſpirituall harmonie*,
Of euery part vnited in the *Eye*.

Loue

A WIFE.

Loue is a kinde of *Superſtition*,
Which feares the Idoll which it ſelfe hath fram'd:
Luſt a Deſire, which rather from his *owne*
Temper, then from the obiect is inflam'd:
Beauty is Loues *obiect*; *Woman* Luſt's; to gaine
Loue, Loue Deſires; *Luſt* only to *obtaine*.

No circumſtance doth *Beauty* beautifie,
Like gracefull *faſhion*, natiue *Comelineſſe*.
Nay eu'n gets pardon for *Deformity*;
Art cannot it beget, but may encreaſe;
When *Nature* had fixt *Beauty*, perfect made,
Something ſhe left for *Motion* to adde.

But let that *Faſhion* more to *modeſtie*
Tend, then *Aſſurance*: *Modeſtie* doth ſet
The face in her iuſt place, from *Paſſions* free,
Tis both the *Mindes*, and *Bodies beauty* met;
But *Modeſtie*, no vertue can we ſee;
That, is the Faces only *Chaſtitie*.

Where

Where *goodneſſe* failes, twixt ill and ill *that* ſtands:
Whence tis, that *women*, though they weaker be,
And their deſires more ſtrong, yet on their hands
The *Chaſtity* of *men* doth often lie:
Luſt would more common be then any one,
Could it, as other ſinnes, be done *alone*.

All theſe *good parts* a *Perfect woman* make,
Adde *Loue to me*, they make a *Perfect Wife*,
Without her *Loue*, Her *Beauty* ſhould I take,
As that of *Pictures*; dead; *That* giues it life:
Till then, Her *Beauty* like the Sun doth ſhine
Alike to all; *That* makes it, onely *mine*.

And of that *Loue*, let *Reaſon Father* be,
And *Paſſion Mother*; let it from the one
His *Being* take, the other his *Degree*;
Selfe-loue (which ſecond Loues are built vpon)
Will make *me* (if not *Her*) her loue reſpect.
No Man, but fauours his owne worths effect.

A WIFE.

As *Good* and *wiſe*; ſo be ſhe *Fit* for me,
That is, To *will*, and *Not to will* the ſame,
My *Wife* is my *Adopted-ſelfe*, and ſhee
As Mee, ſo what I loue, to Loue muſt frame.
For when by Marriage, both in one concurre,
Woman conuerts to Man, not Man to her.

FINIS.

The Authors Epitaph written by himſelfe.

THe Span of my dayes meaſur'd, heere I reſt,
That is, my body; but my ſoule, his gueſt,
Is hence aſcended, whither, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but onely Loue can clime;
Where being now enlightned, She doth know
The Truth of all, men argue of below:
Onely this duſt doth here in Pawne remaine,
That, when the world diſſolues, ſhe come againe.

NOTE.

Characters.

OR

Wittie deſcriptions of the properties of ſundry perſons.

A good Woman.

A Good Woman is a comfort, like a man. Shee lackes of him nothing but heat. Thence is her ſweetnes of diſpoſition which meets his ſtoutneſſe more pleaſingly; ſo wooll meets iron eaſier then iron, and turnes reſiſting

ſting into embracing. Her greateſt learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her owne *Sex*, or on men, without caſting the difference. *Diſhoneſtie* neuer comes neerer than her eares, and then wonder ſtops it out, and ſaues vertue the labour. Shee leaues the neat *youth*, telling his *luſhious* tales, and puts backe the *Seruingmans* putting forward, with a frowne: yet her kindnes is free enough to be ſeene, for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond. She hath not behauiour at a certaine, but makes it to her occaſion. She hath ſo much knowledge as to loue it, and if ſhe haue it not at home, ſhe will fetch it, for this ſometimes in a pleaſant diſcontent ſhe dares chide her *Sex*, though ſhe vſe it neuer the worſe. She is much within, and frames outward things to her minde, not her minde to them. She weares good clothes, but neuer better; for ſhe findes no degree beyond *Decencie*. She hath a content of her

her owne, and ſo ſeekes not an husband, but findes him. She is indeed moſt, but not much of deſcription, for ſhe is direct and one, and hath not the varietie of ill. Now ſhe is giuen freſh and aliue to a husband, and ſhe doth nothing more then loue him, for ſhe takes him to that purpoſe. So his good becomes the buſineſſe of her actions; and ſhe doth her ſelfe kindneſſe vpon him. After his, her chiefeſt vertue is a good husband. For *She* is *He*.

A very Woman.

A *Very Woman*, is a dow-bakt man, or a *She* meant well towards man, but fell two bowes ſhort, *ſtrength* and *vnderſtanding*. Her vertue is the hedge, *Modeſtie*, that keepes a man from climbing ouer into her faults. She ſimpers as if ſhe had no teeth, but lips: and ſhe diuides her eyes, and keepes halfe for

her ſelfe, and giues the other to her neat *Youth*. Being ſet downe, ſhe caſts her face into a platforme, which dureth the meale, & is taken away with the voyder. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirſt, and it is a part of their myſterie not to profeſſe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in priuate and ſtretcheth her vpon meat. She is *Marriageable* and *Foureteene* at once; and after ſhe doth not liue, but tarrie. She reads ouer her face euery morning, and ſometimes blots out pale, and writes red. She thinkes ſhe is faire, though many times her opinion goes alone, and ſhe loues her glaſſe, and the Knight of the Sunne for lying. She is hid away all but her face, and that's hang'd about with toyes and deuices, like the ſigne of a Tauerne, to draw *Strangers*. If ſhe ſhew more, ſhe preuents deſire, and by too free giuing, leaues no *Gift*. She may eſcape from the Seruing-man, but not from the Chamber-maide. Shee commits with her eares for certaine: after that ſhee may

may goe for a maide, but ſhe hath beene lyen with in her vnderſtanding. Her *Philoſophie*, is a ſeeming neglect of thoſe, that be too good for her. Shee's a yonger brother for her portion, but not for her portion of wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is ſtill too bigge for it; yet her *Vanity* ſeldome matcheth her, with one of her owne degree, for then ſhe will beget another creature a begger: and commonly, if ſhe marry better, ſhe marries worſe. She gets much by the ſimplicity of her Sutor, and for a ieſt, laughes at him without one. Thus ſhe dreſſes a Huſband for her ſelfe, and after takes him for his patience, and the Land adioyning, yee may ſee it, in a Seruingmans freſh *Napery*, and his Leg ſteps into an vnknowne ſtocking. I neede not ſpeake of his *Garters*, the taſſell ſhewes it ſelfe. If ſhee loue, ſhee loues not the Man, but the beaſt of him. Shee is *Salomons* cruell creature, and a mans walking conſumption; euery candle ſhe giues him, is a purge. Her chiefe

commendation is, ſhe brings a man to repentance.

Her next part.

Her lightneſſe gets her to ſwim at top of the table, where her wrie little finger bewraies *caruing*; her neighbours at the latter end know they are welcome, and for that purpoſe ſhe quencheth her thirſt. She trauels to and among, and ſo becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the follie in the Countrey comes in cleane Linnen to viſit her: ſhe breaks to them her griefe in Suger cakes, and receiues from their mouthes in exchange, many ſtories that conclude to no purpoſe. Her eldeſt Sonne is like her howſoeuer, & that diſpraiſeth him beſt: her vtmoſt drift is to turne him Foole, which commonly ſhe obtaines at the yeeres of diſcretion. She takes a iourney ſometimes to her Neeces houſe, but neuer thinkes beyond *London*. Her *Deuotion* is good clothes, they carrie her to Church, expreſſe their ſtuffe & faſhion,

and

and are ſilent; if ſhe be more deuout, ſhe lifts vp a certaine number of eyes, in ſtead of praiers, and takes the Sermon, and meaſures out a nap by it, iuſt as long. She ſends Religion afore to *Sixtie*, where ſhe neuer ouertakes it, or driues it before her againe: Her moſt neceſſary inſtruments are a *waiting Gentle-woman*, and a *Chamber-maid*; ſhe weares her Gentlewoman ſtill, but moſt often leaues the other in her Chamber-window. She hath a little *Kennell* in her lap, and ſhe ſmels the ſweeter for it. The vtmoſt reach of her *Prouidence*, is the fatneſſe of a Capon, and her greateſt enuie, is the next Gentle-womans better Gowne. Her moſt commendable skill, is to make her Huſbands fuſtian beare her Veluet. This ſhe doth many times ouer, and then is deliuered to old Age and a Chaire, where euery body leaues her.

A Dissembler.

IS an essence needing a double definition, for hee is not that he appeares. Vnto the eye he is pleasing, vnto the eare not harsh, but vnto the vnderstanding intricate, and full of windings: he is the *prima materia*, and his intents giue him forme: he dyeth his meanes and his meaning into two colours, he baits craft with humility, and his countenance is the picture of the present dispositon. He winnes not by battery, but vndermining, and his racke is smoothing. He allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the brokers of his obseruation. Hee knowes passion onely by sufferance, and resisteth by obeying. He makes his time an accomptant to his memory, and of the humors of men weaues a net for occasion: the Inquisitor must looke thorow his iudgement, for to the eye only he is not visible.

A Courtier.

A Courtier.

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to moſt men the fineſt: all things elſe are defined by the vnderſtanding, but this by the ſences; but his ſureſt marke is, that hee is to be found onely about Princes. He ſmells; and putteth away much of his iudgement about the ſcituation of his clothes. He knowes no man that is not generally knowne. His wit, like the *Marigold*, openeth with the *Sunne*, and therefore he riſeth not before ten of the clocke. He puts more confidence in his words than meaning, and more in his pronunciatiō than his words. *Occaſion* is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one receipt of making loue. Hee followes nothing but inconſtancie, admires nothing but beauty, honours nothing but fortune. Loues nothing. The ſuſtenance of his diſcourſe is Newes, and his cenſure like a ſhot depends vpon the charging

ging. He is not, if he be out of Court, but fiſh-like breathes deſtruction, if out of his owne element. Neither his motion, or aſpect are regular, but he moues by the vpper *Spheres*, and is the reflection of higher ſubſtances.

If you finde him not here, you ſhall in *Pauls*, with a picke-tooth in his Hat, a cape cloke, and a long ſtocking.

A Golden Aſſe

IS a young thing, whoſe Father went to the Deuill; he is followed like a ſalt bitch, and lymb'd by him that gets vp firſt; his diſpoſition is cut, and knaues rent him like Tenter-hookes; he is as blinde as his mother, and ſwallowes flatterers for friends. He is high in his owne imagination; but that imagination is as a ſtone, that is raiſed by violence, deſcends naturally. When he goes, he lookes who lookes: if he findes not good ſtore of vailers,

vailers, hee comes home ſtiffe and ſeer, vntill he be new oyled and watered by his husbandmen. Whereſoeuer he eats he hath an officer, to warne men not to talke out of his element, and his owne is exceeding ſenſible, becauſe it is ſenſuall; but he cannot exchange a peece of reaſon, though he can a peece of gold. He is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his beautie, and more then his beautie, they are his diſcretion, his countenance, his All. He is now at an end, for he hath had the Wolfe of vaine-glory, which he fed, vntill himſelfe became the food.

A Flatterer

IS *the ſhadow of a Foole.* He is a good wood-man, for he ſingleth out none but the wealthy. His carriage is euer of the colour of his patient; and for his ſake he will halt or weare a wrie necke. He diſpraiſeth nothing but pouertie, and

and ſmall drinke, and praiſeth his grace of making water. Hee ſelleth himſelfe, with reckoning his great Friends, and teacheth the preſent, how to winne his praiſes by reciting the others gifts: he is ready for all imploiments, but eſpecially before Dinner, for his courage and his ſtomacke goe together. He will play any vpon his countenance, and where he cannot be admitted for a counſeller, he will ſerue as a foole. He frequents the Court of Wards and Ordinaries, and fits theſe gueſts of *Toga virilis*, with wiues or whoores. Hee entreth young men into acquaintance and debt bookes. In a word, hee is the impreſſion of the laſt terme, and will be ſo, vntill the comming of a new terme or termer.

An ignorant Glory hunter.

IS an *inſectum animal*; for heis the maggot of opinion, his behauiour is another thing from himſelfe, and is glewed, and

and but ſet on. He entertaines men with repetitions, and returnes them their own words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of thoſe things, where ignorance is the leſſer ſhame. Hee gets the names of good wits, and vtters them for his companions. He confeſſeth vices that he is guiltleſſe of, if they be in faſhion; and dares not ſalute a man in old clothes, or out of faſhion. There is not a publicke aſſemblie without him, and he will take any paines for an acquaintance there. In any ſhew hee will be one, though hee be but a whifler, or a torch bearer; and beares downe ſtrangers with the ſtory of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrobe, diet, and all cuſtomes, with entitling their beginnings from Princes, great Souldiers and ſtrange Nations. He dares ſpeake more then hee vnderſtands, and aduentures his words without the releeſe of any ſeconds. He relates battels and skirmiſhes, as from an eye witneſſe, when his eyes theeuiſhly beguiled a ballad

lad of them. In a word, to make ſure of admiration, he will not let himſelfe vnderſtand himſelfe, but hopes fame and opinion will be the Readers of his Riddles.

A Timiſt

IS a noune Adiective of the preſent tenſe. He hath no more of a conſcience then Feare, and his religion is not his but the Princes. He reuerenceth a Courtiers Seruants ſeruant. Is firſt his owne Slaue, and then whoſoeuer looketh big; when he giues he curſeth, and when he ſels he worſhips. He reades the ſtatutes in his chamber, and weares the Bible in the ſtreets: he neuer praiſeth any but before themſelues or friends: and miſlikes no great mans actions during his life. His new-yeeres gifts are ready at *Alhalomas*, and the ſute he meant to mediate before them. He pleaſeth the children of great

great men, and promiſeth to adopt them; and his curteſie extends it ſelfe euen to the ſtable. He ſtraines to talke wiſely, and his modeſtie would ſerue a Bride. He is grauitie from the head to the foot; but not from the head to the heart; you may finde what place he affecteth, for he creepes as neere it as may be, and as paſſionately courts it; if at any time his hopes are effected, he ſwelleth with them; and they burſt out too good for the veſſell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of fortune, and ſtudies for nothing but to keepe time.

An Amoriſt

IS a certaine blaſted or planet-ſtroken, and is the Dog that leads blinde *Cupid*; when he is at the beſt, his faſhion exceeds the worth of his weight. He is neuer without verſes, and muske confects; and ſighs to the hazard of his buttons;

tons; his eyes are all white, either to weare the liuerie of his Mistris complexion, or to keepe *Cupid* from hitting the blacke. He fights with passion, and loseth much of his bloud by his weapon; dreames, thence his paleneſſe. His armes are careleſly vſed, as if their beſt vſe were nothing but embracements. He is vntruſt, vnbottoned, and vngartered, not out of careleſneſſe, but care; his fartheſt end being but going to bed. Sometimes he wraps his petition in neatneſſe, but it goeth not alone; for then he makes ſome other qualitie moralize his affection, and his trimneſſe is the grace of that grace. Her fauour lifts him vp, as the Sun moiſture; when ſhe disfauours, vnable to hold that happineſſe, it fals downe in teares; his fingers are his Orators, and hee expreſſeth much of himſelfe vpon ſome inſtrument. He anſweres not, or not to the purpoſe; and no maruell, for hę is not at home. He ſcotcheth time with dancing with his Miſtris, taking vp of her gloue, and wearing her feather; he

hee is confinde to her colour, and dares not paſſe out of the circuit of her memory. His imagination is a foole, and it goeth in a pide-coat of red and white; ſhortly, he is tranſlated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glaſſe of luſt, and himſelfe the traytor to his owne diſcretion.

An Affectate Traueller

IS a ſpeaking faſhion; hee hath taken paines to be ridiculous, & hath ſeene more then he hath perceiued. His attire ſpeakes *French* or *Italian*, and his *gate* cries, *Behold me*. He cenſures all things by countenances, and ſhrugs, and ſpeaks his owne language with ſhame and liſping: he will choake rather than confeſſe *Beere* good drinke: and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behauiour. He chuſeth rather to be counted a *Spie*, than not a *Politician*: and maintaines his reputati-

on by naming great men familiarly. He chuſeth rather to tell lies, then not wonders, and talkes with men ſingly: his diſcourſe ſounds big, but meanes nothing: & his boy is bound to admire him howſoeuer. He comes ſtill from great Perſonages, but goes with meane. He takes occaſion to ſhew Iewels giuen him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in S. *Martines*: and not long after hauing with a *Mountbanks* method, pronounced them worth thouſands, empawneth them for a few ſhillings. Vpon feſtiuall daies he goes to Court, and ſalutes without reſaluting: at night in an Ordinary he canuaſſeth the buſineſſe in hand, and ſeemes as conuerſant with all intents & plots, as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, firſt to tel them the ends of all matters of conſequence, and then to borrow money of them; hee offereth courteſies, to ſhew them, rather then himſelfe humble. Hee diſdaines all things aboue his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his owne. Hee imputeth

puteth his want and pouerty to the ignorance of the time, not his owne vnworthineſſe: and concludes his diſcourſe with halfe a period, or a word, and leaues the reſt to imagination. In a word, his religion is faſhion, and both body and ſoule are gouerned by fame, he loues moſt voices aboue truth.

A Wiſeman.

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reaſonable creature. His diſpoſition alters, he alters not. Hee hides himſelfe with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be gouerned by them. He lookes according to nature, ſo goes his behauiour. His minde enioyes a continuall ſmoothneſſe: ſo commeth it, that his conſideration is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men ſilently, except his friends, and to them he is the mirrour of

their actions ; by this meanes his peace commeth not from fortune, but himselfe. He is cunning in men, not to surprize but keepe his owne, and beats off their ill affected humours, no otherwise than if they were flies. He chuseth not friends by the subsidie-booke, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintaines the strength of his body, not by delicacies, but temperance ; and his minde by giuing it preheminence ouer his body. He vnderstands things not by their forme, but qualities ; and his comparisons intend not to excuse, but to prouoke him higher. He is not subiect to casualties, for Fortune hath nothing to doe with the minde, except those drowned in the body : but he hath diuided his soule, from the case of his soule, whose weakneſſe he assists no otherwise than commiseratiuely, not that it is his, but that it is. He is thus, and will be thus : and liues subiect neither to Time nor his frailties ; the seruant of vertue, and by vertue, the friend of the highest.

A Noble

A Noble Spirit.

HAth ſurueied and fortified his diſpoſition, and conuerts all occurrents into experience, betweene which experience and his reaſon, there is marriage; the iſſue are his actions. He circuits his intents, and ſeeth the end before he ſhoot. Men are the inſtruments of his Art, and there is no man without his vſe: occaſion incites him, none enticeth him: and he moues by affection, not for affection; he loues glory, ſcornes ſhame, and gouerneth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one conſideration. He cals not the varietie of the world chances, for his meditation hath trauelled ouer them; and his eye mounted vpon his vnderſtanding, ſeeth them as things vnderneth. He couers not his body with delicacies, nor excuſeth theſe delicacies by his body, but teacheth it, ſince it is not able to defend its owne

imbecilitie, to ſhew or ſuffer. He licenceth not his weakneſſe, to weare Fate, but knowing reaſon to be no idle gift of Nature, he is the Steeres-man of his owne deſtinie. Truth is his Goddeſſe, and he takes pains to get her, not to look like her. He knowes the condition of the world, that he muſt act one thing like another, and then another. To theſe he carries his deſires, & not his deſires him; and ſtickes not faſt by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courſes, of all intents, of all things, to haue but one center or period, without all diſtraction, he haſteth thither and ends there, as his true and naturall element. He doth not contemne Fortune, but not confeſſe her. He is no Gameſter of the world (which only complaine and praiſe her) but being only ſenſible of the honeſtie of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement or ſcum. Vnto the ſocietie of men he is a *Sunne*, whoſe cleereneſſe directs their ſteps in a regular motion: when he

is

is more particular, he is the wiſe mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus time goeth not from him, but with him: and he feeles age more by the ſtrength of his ſoule, than the weakneſſe of his bodie: thus feeles he no paine, but eſteemes all ſuch things as friends, that deſire to file off his fetters and helpe him out of priſon.

An Old man

IS a thing that hath beene a man in his daies. Old men are to be known blindfolded: for their talke is as terrible as their reſemblance. They praiſe their own times as vehemently, as if they would ſell them. They become wrinckled with frowning and facing youth; they admire their old cuſtomes, euen to the eating of red herring, and going wetſhod. They call the thumbe vnder the girdle, Grauitie; and becauſe they can

hardly ſmell at all, their Poſies are vnder their girdles. They count it an ornament of ſpeech, to cloſe the period with a cough; and it is venerable (they ſay) to ſpend time in wiping their driueled beards. Their diſcourſe is vnanſwerable, by reaſon of their obſtinacy: their ſpeech is much, though little to the purpoſe. Truths and lies paſſe with an equall affirmation, for their memories ſeuerall is wonne into one receptacle, and ſo they come out with one ſenſe. They teach their ſeruants their duties with as much ſcorne & tyranny, as ſome people teach their dogs to fetch. Their enuy is one of their diſeaſes. They put off and on their clothes, with that certainty, as if they knew their heads would not direct them, and therefore cuſtome ſhould. They take a pride in halting and going ſtiffely, and therefore their ſtaues are carued and tipped: they truſt their attire with much of their grauity; and they dare not goe without a gowne in Summer. Their hats are bruſhed to draw mens eies off from

their

their faces; but of all, their *Pomanders* are worne to moſt purpoſe, for their putrified breath ought not to want either a ſmell to defend, or a dog to excuſe.

A Countrey Gentleman

IS a thing out of whoſe corruption the generation of a Iuſtice of peace is produced. He ſpeaks ſtatutes & huſbandry well enough, to make his neighbours thinke him a wiſe man; he is well skilled in *Arithmeticke* or rates: and hath eloquence enough to ſaue two-pence. His conuerſation amongſt his Tenants is deſperate; but amongſt his equals full of doubt. His trauell is ſeldom farther then the next market Towne, and his inquiſition is about the price of Corne: when he trauelleth, he will goe ten mile out of the way to a Couſins houſe of his to ſaue charges; and rewards the Seruants by taking them by the hand when hee departs.

parts. Nothing vnder a *Sub-pena* can draw him to *London*: and when hee is there, he ſticks faſt vpon euery obiect, caſts his eyes away vpon gazing, and becomes the prey of euery Cutpurſe. When he comes home, thoſe wonders ſerue him for his Holy-day talke. If he goe to Court, it is in yellow ſtockings; and if it be in Winter in a ſlight tafetie cloake, and pumps and pantofles. He is chained that wooes the vſher for his comming into the preſence, where hee becomes troubleſome with the ill managing of his Rapier and the wearing of his girdle of one faſhion, & the hangers of another; by this time he hath learned to kiſſe his hand, and make a legge both together, and the names of Lords and Counſellors; he hath thus much toward entertainment and courteſie, but of the laſt he makes more vſe; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, he coniures his poore Countrimen. But this is not his element, he muſt home againe, being like a Dor, that ends his flight in a dunghill.

A fine

A fine Gentleman

IS *the Cynamon tree*, whoſe barke is more worth then his body. He hath read the Booke of good manners, and by this time each of his limbs may read it. He alloweth of no iudge, but the eye; painting, boulſtring, and bombaſting are his *Oratours*: by theſe alſo he proues his induſtry: for he hath purchaſed legs, haire, beautie, and ſtraightneſſe, more then nature left him. He vnlockes maiden-heads with his language, and ſpeakes *Euphues*, not ſo gracefully as heartily. His diſcourſe makes not his behauiour, but he buies it at Court, as Countrey men their clothes in Birchin-lane. He is ſomewhat like the *Salamander*, and liues in the flame of loue, which paines he expreſſeth comically: and nothing grieues him ſo much, as the want of a Poet to make an iſſue in his loue; yet he ſighes ſweetly, and ſpeakes lamentably:

tably : for his breath is perfumed, and his words are winde. He is beſt in ſeaſon at Chriſtmas ; for the Boares head and Reueller come together; his hopes are laden in his quality : and leſt fidlers ſhould take him vnprouided, he weares pumps in his pocket : and leſt he ſhould take Fidlers vnprouided, he whiſtles his owne Galliard. He is a Calender of ten yeeres, and marriage ruſts him. Afterwards he maintaines himſelfe an implement of houſhold, by caruing and vſhering. For all this, he is iudiciall only in Taylors and Barbers, but his opinion is euer ready, and euer idle. If you will know more of his acts, the Brokers ſhop is the witneſſe of his valour, where lies wounded, dead, rent, and out of faſhion, many a ſpruce Sute, ouerthrowen by his fantaſtickneſſe.

An Elder

An Elder Brother

IS a Creature borne to the beſt aduantage of things without him, that hath the ſtart at the beginning, but loyters it away before the ending. Hee lookes like his Land, as heauily, and durtily, as ſtubbornly. He dares doe any thing but fight; and feares nothing but his Fathers life and minoritie. The firſt thing hee makes knowne is his eſtate; and the Loadſtone that drawes him is the vpper end of the table. He wooeth by a particular, and his ſtrongeſt argument is the ioynture. His obſeruation is all about the faſhion, and hee commends Partlets for a rare deuice. He ſpeakes no language, but ſmels of dogs or hawkes; and his ambition flies Iuſtice-height. Hee loues to be commended, and he will goe into the Kitchin, but heele haue it. He loues glory, but is ſo lazie, as he is content with flattery. He ſpeakes moſt of the precedency

dency of age, and proteſts fortune the greateſt vertue. Hee ſummoneth the old ſeruants, and tels what ſtrange acts he wil doe when he raignes. He verily beleeues houſe-keepers the beſt common-wealths men; and therefore ſtudies baking, brewing, greaſing, and ſuch as the limmes of goodneſſe. He iudgeth it no ſmall ſigne of wiſdome to talke much; his tongue therfore goes continually his errand, but neuer ſpeeds. If his vnderſtanding were not honeſter then his will, no man ſhould keepe good conceit by him; for hee thinkes it no theft, to ſell all he can to opinion. His pedegree & his fathers ſealering, are the ſtilts of his crazed diſpoſition. He had rather keepe company with the dregs of men, then not to be the beſt man. His inſinuation is the inuiting of men to his houſe; and he thinks it a great modeſty to comprehend his cheere vnder a peece of Mutton and a Rabet; if he by this time be not knowne, he will goe home againe: for he can no more abide to haue himſelf concealed, then his land; yet

yet he is (as you ſee) good for nothing: except to make a ſtallion to maintaine the race.

A Braggadochio Welſhman

IS the Oyſter that the Pearle is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. He hath the abilities of the minde in *Potentia*, and *actu* nothing but boldneſſe. His clothes are in faſhion before his body: and hee accounts boldneſſe the chiefeſt vertue; aboue all men he loues an Herrald, and ſpeakes pedegrees naturally. He accounts none well deſcended, that call him not Couzen; and preferres *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine Worthies. The firſt note of his familiarity is the confeſſion of his valour; and ſo he preuents quarrels. He voucheth Welch, a pure and vnconquered language, and courts Ladies with the ſtory of their Chronicle. To conclude, he is precious

in

in his owne conceit, and vpon *S. Dauies* day without compariſon.

A Pedant.

HE treads in a rule, and one hand ſcannes verſes, and the other holds his Scepter. He dares not thinke a thought that the Nominatiue caſe gouernes not the Verbe; and he neuer had meaning in his life, for he trauelled only for words. His ambition is *Criticiſme*, and his example *Tully*. Hee values phraſes, and elects them by the ſound, and the eight parts of ſpeech are his Seruants. To be briefe, he is a *Heteroclite*, for he wants the plurall number, hauing onely the ſingle qualitie of words.

A Ser-

A Seruingman

IS a creature, which though hee be not drunke, yet is not his owne man. Hee tels without asking who ownes him, by the ſuperſcription of his Liuery. His life is, for eaſe and leiſure, much about *Gentleman-like.* His wealth enough to ſuffice Nature, and ſufficient to make him happy, if he were ſure of it; for he hath little, and wants nothing, hee values himſelfe higher or lower, as his Maſter is. He hates or loues the Men, as his Maſter doth the Maſter. Hee is commonly proud of his Maſters horſes or his Chriſtmas; he ſleepes when he is ſleepy, is of his religion, only the clocke of his ſtomacke is ſet to goe an houre after his. He ſeldome breaks his owne clothes. He neuer drinkes but double, for hee muſt bee pledg'd; nor commonly without ſome ſhort ſentence nothing to the purpoſe: and ſeldome abſtaines till

hee come to a thirſt. His diſcretion is to be carefull for his Maſters credit, and his ſufficiency to marſhall diſhes at a Table, and to carue well. His neatneſſe conſiſts much in his haire and outward linnen. His courting language, viſible baudy ieſts; and againſt his matter faile, hee is alway ready furniſhed with a ſong. His inheritance is the Chamber-mayd, but often purchaſeth his Maſters daughter, by reaſon of opportunity, or for want of a better; he alwaies cuckolds himſelfe, and neuer marries but his owne widow. His Maſter being appeaſed, hee becomes a Retainer, and entailes himſelfe and his poſterity vpon his heire-males for euer.

An Hoſt

IS the kernell of a Signe: or the Signe is the ſhell, and *mine Hoſt* is the Snaile. He

He consists of double beere and fellowship, and his vices are the bawds of his thirst. Hee entertaines humbly, and giues his Guests power, as well of himselfe as house. Hee answers all mens expectations to his power, saue in the reckoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatnesse, to lay all mislikes vpon his seruants. His wife is the *Cummin seede* of his Doue-house; and to bee a good Guest is a warrant for her liberty. Hee traffiques for Guests by mens friends, friends friend, and is sensible onely of his purse. In a word, hee is none of his owne: for hee neither eates, drinkes, or thinkes, but at other mens charges and appointments.

An Ostler

IS *a thing that scrubbeth vnreasonably his horse, reasonably himselfe.* He consists of Trauellers, though hee be none

himſelfe. His higheſt ambition is to be *Hoſt*, and the inuention of his ſigne is his greateſt wit: for the expreſſing wherof he ſends away the Painters for want of vnderſtanding. Hee hath certaine charmes for a horſe mouth, that hee ſhould not eat his hay: and behinde your backe, hee will cozen your horſe to his face. His curry-combe is one of his beſt parts, for he expreſſeth much by the gingling: and his mane-combe is a ſpinners card turn'd out of ſeruice. He puffes and blowes ouer your horſe, to the hazard of a double Iugge: and leaues much of the dreſſing to the prouerbe of *Muli mutuo ſcabient*, One horſe rubs another. Hee comes to him that cals lowdeſt, not firſt; hee takes a broken head patiently, but the knaue he feeles not. His vtmoſt honeſty is good fellowſhip, and hee ſpeakes Northerne, what countrey man ſoeuer. Hee hath a penſion of Ale from the next *Smith* and *Sadler* for intelligence: he loues to ſee you ride, and holds your ſtirrop in expectation.

The

The true Character of a Dunce.

HE hath a ſoule drownd in a lumpe of fleſh, or is a peece of earth that *Prometheus* put not halfe his proportion of fire into. A thing that hath neither edge of deſire, nor feeling of affection in it; the moſt dangerous creature for confirming an Atheiſt, who would ſweare his ſoule were nothing but the bare temperature of his body. He ſleepes as he goes, and his thoughts ſeldome reach an inch further then his eies. The moſt part of the faculties of his ſoule lie fallow, or are like the reſtiue Iades, that no ſpur can driue forwards towards the purſuit of any worthy deſignes. One of the moſt vnprofitable of Gods creatures being as he is, a thing put cleane beſides his right vſe, made fit for the cart and the flayle; and by miſchance intangled amongſt bookes and papers. A man cannot tell poſſibly what he is now good

for, ſaue to moue vp and downe and fill roome, or to ſerue as *animatum inſtrumentum*, for others to worke withall in baſe imploiments, or to be foile for better wits, or to ſerue (as they ſay Monſters doe) to ſet out the varietie of nature, and ornament of the vniuerſe. He is meere nothing of himſelfe, neither eates, nor drinkes, nor goes, nor ſpits, but by Imitation, for all which he hath ſet-formes and faſhions, which he neuer varies, but ſtickes to with the like plodding conſtancie, that a mill-horſe followes his trace. Both the Muſes and the Graces are his hard Miſtreſſes, though he daily inuocate them, though he ſacrifice *Hecatombs*, they ſtill looke aſquint. You ſhall note him oft (beſides his dull eye, and lowting head, and a certaine clammy benummed pace) by a faire diſplaied beard, a night cap, and a gowne, whoſe very wrinckles proclaime him the true *Genius* of formalitie. But of all others his diſcourſe, and compoſitions beſt ſpeake him, both of them are much of one ſtuffe

and

and fashion. Hee speakes iust what his bookes or last company said vnto him, without varying one whit, and very seldome vnderstands himselfe. You may know by his discourse where he was last, for what he heard or read yesterday, he now dischargeth his memory or Notebooke of, not his vnderstanding, for it neuer came there. What hee hath he flings abroad at all aduentures, without accommodating it to time, place, persons, or occasions. He commonly loseth himselfe in his tale, and flutters vp and downe windlesse without recouery, and whatsoeuer next presents it selfe, his heauy conceit seizeth vpon, and goeth along with, how euer *Heterogeneall* to his matter in hand. His Iests are either old flead *Prouerbs*, or leane-sterv'd-hackney *Apothegmes*, or poore verball quips, outworne by Seruingmen, Tapsters, and Milkemaides, euen laid aside by Balladers. Hee assents to all men that bring any shadow of reason, and you may make him when hee speakes most Dog-

matically euen with one breath, to auerre poore contradictions. His compoſitions differ onely *terminorum poſitione* from dreames; nothing but rude heaps of immateriall, incoherent, droſſie, rubbiſh ſtuffe, promiſcuouſly thruſt vp together. Enough to infuſe dulneſſe and barrenneſſe of conceit into him that is ſo prodigall of his eares as to giue the hearing. Enough to make a mans memory ake with ſuffering ſuch durty ſtuffe caſt into it. As vnwelcome to any true conceit, as ſluttiſh morſels, or wallowiſh potions to a nice ſtomacke, which whiles hee empties himſelfe of, it ſtickes in his teeth, nor can hee bee deliuered without ſweat, and ſighes, and hems, and coughs, enough to ſhake his Grandams teeth out of her head. He ſpits, and ſcratches, and ſpawles, and turnes like ſicke men from one elbow to another, and deſerues as much pitty during his torture, as men in fits of *Tertian Feuers*, or ſelfe-laſhing Penitentiaries. In a word, rippe him quite aſunder, and examine euery

ſhred

ſhred of him, you ſhall finde him to bee iuſt nothing, but the ſubiect of nothing: the obiect of contempt; yet ſuch as hee is you muſt take him, for there is no hope he ſhould euer become better.

A good Wife

IS a mans beſt moueable, a ſcien incorporate with the ſtocke, bringing ſweet fruit; one that to her husband is more than a friend, leſſe than trouble: an equall with him in the yoake. Calamities and troubles ſhee ſhares alike, nothing pleaſeth her that doth not him. Shee is relatiue in all; and hee without her, but halfe himſelfe. She is his abſent hands, eyes, eares, and mouth: his preſent and abſent All. She frames her nature vnto his howſoeuer: the *Hiacinth* followes not the *Sunne* more willingly.

willingly. Stubbornneſſe and obſtinacie are herbes that grow not in her garden. She leaues tatling to the Goſſips of the Towne, and is more ſeene than heard. Her houſhold is her charge; her care to that, makes her ſeldome *non reſident*. Her pride is but to be cleanly, and her thrift not to be prodigall. By his diſcretion ſhe hath children, not wantons; a husband without her, is a miſerie in mans apparell: none but ſhe hath an aged husband, to whom ſhe is both a ſtaffe and a chaire. To conclude, ſhe is both wiſe and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholy Man

IS a ſtrayer from the droue: one that Nature made a ſociable, becauſe ſhe made him man, and a crazed diſpoſition hath altered. Impleaſing to all, as all to him; ſtragling thoughts are his content, they make him dreame waking, there's

there's his pleaſure. His imagination is neuer idle, it keepes his minde in a continuall motion, as the poiſe the clocke: he windes vp his thoughts often, and as often vnwindes them; *Penelopes* webbe thriues faſter. He'le ſeldome be found without the ſhade of ſome groue, in whoſe bottome a riuer dwels. He carries a cloud in his face, neuer faire weather: his outſide is framed to his inſide, in that hee keepes a *Decorum*, both vnſeemely. Speake to him; hee heares with his eyes, eares follow his minde, and that's not at leaſure. Hee thinkes buſineſſe, but neuer does any: hee is all contemplation, no action. He hewes and faſhions his thoughts, as if hee meant them to ſome purpoſe, but they proue vnprofitable, as a peece of wrought timber to no vſe. His Spirits and the Sunne are enemies; the Sunne bright and warme, his humour blacke and cold: varietie of fooliſh apparitions people his head, they ſuffer him not to breathe, according to the neceſſities

neceſſities of nature; which makes him ſup vp a draught of as much aire at once, as would ſerue at thrice. Hee denies nature her due in ſleepe, and ouer-payes her with watchfulneſſe: nothing pleaſeth him long, but that which pleaſeth his owne fantaſies: they are the conſuming euills, and euill conſumptions that conſume him aliue. Laſtly, hee is a man onely in ſhew, but comes ſhort of the better part; a whole reaſonable ſoule, which is mans chiefe preheminence, and ſole marke from creatures ſenſible.

A Saylor

IS a pitcht peece of reaſon calckt and tackled, and onely ſtudied to diſpute with tempeſts. Hee is part of his owne Prouiſion, for hee liues euer pickled. A fore-winde is the ſubſtance of his Creed; and freſh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for

for he is euer climing: out of which as naturally he feares; for he is euer flying: time and he are euery where, euer contending who ſhall ariue firſt: he is well winded, for he tires the day, and out-runnes darkneſſe. His life is like a *Hawkes*, the beſt part mewed; and if he liue till three coates, is a Maſter. Hee ſees Gods wonders in the deepe: but ſo as rather they appeare his play-fellowes, than ſtirrers of his zeale: nothing but hunger and hard rockes can conuert him, and then but his vpper decke neither; for his hold neither feares nor hopes, his ſleepes are but repreeuals of his dangers, and when hee awakes, tis but next ſtage to dying. His wiſdome is the coldeſt part about him, for it euer poynts to the North: and it lies loweſt, which makes his valour euery tide ore-flow it. In a ſtorme tis diſputable, whether the noiſe be more his, or the Elements, and which will firſt leaue ſcolding; on which ſide of the ſhip he may bee ſaued beſt, whether his faith bee

ſtarre-

ſtarre-boord faith, or lar-boord : or the helme at that time not all his hope of heauen : his keele is the Embleme of his conſcience, till it be ſplit he neuer repents, then no farther then the land allowes him, and his language is a new confuſion : and all his thoughts new nations : his body and his ſhip are both one burthen, nor is it knowne who ſtowes moſt wine, or rowles moſt, only the ſhip is guided, he has no ſterne : a barnacle and hee are bred together both of one nature, and tis fear'd one reaſon : vpon any but a woodden horſe he cannot ride, and if the winde blow againſt him he dare not : he ſwarues vp to his ſeat as to a ſaile-yard, and cannot ſit vnleſſe he beare a flag-ſtaffe: if euer hee be broken to the ſaddle, tis but a voyage ſtill, for hee miſtakes the bridle for a bowlin, and is euer turning his horſe taile : he can pray, but tis by rote, not faith, and when hee would hee dares not, for his brackiſh beleefe hath made that *ominous*. A rocke or a quick-

quick-ſand plucke him before hee bee ripe, elſe hee is gathered to his friends at *Wapping*.

A Souldier

IS the husband-man of valour, his ſword is his plough, which honour & *aqua-vitæ*, two fierie mettald iades, are euer drawing. A younger brother beſt becomes Armes; an elder, the thankes for them; euery heat makes him a harueſt: and diſcontents abroad are his Sowers: he is actiuely his Princes, but paſſiuely his angers ſeruant. He is often a deſirer of learning, which once arriued at, proues his ſtrongeſt armor: hee is a louer at all points; and a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth then makes him ſeeme a handſome foe, lightly he couets not, leſſe is below him: he neuer truely wants, but in much hauing, for then his eaſe and lechery

lechery afflict him: the word *Peace*, though in prayer, makes him ſtart, and God hee beſt conſiders by his power: hunger and cold ranke in the ſame file with him, and hold him to a man: his honour elſe, and the deſire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater than the ſonnes of *Anack*. His religion is, commonly, as his cauſe is (doubtfull) and that the beſt deuotion keepes beſt quarter: he ſeldome ſees gray haires, ſome none at all, for where the ſword failes, there the fleſh giues fire: in charity, he goes beyond the Clergy, for hee loues his greateſt enemy beſt, much drinking. Hee ſeemes a full Student, for hee is a great deſirer of controuerſies, hee argues ſharply, and carries his concluſion in his ſcabbard; in the firſt refining of man-kinde this was the gold, his actions are his ammell. His alay (for elſe you cannot worke him perfectly) continuall duties, heauy and weary marches, lodgings as full of neede as cold diſeaſes. No time to argue,

gue, but to execute. Line him with theſe, and linke him to his ſquadrons, and he appeares a moſt rich chaine for Princes.

A Taylor

IS a creature made vp of ſhreds, that were pared off from *Adam*, when he was rough caſt. The end of his Being differeth from that of others, and is not to ſerue God, but to couer ſinne. Other mens pride is his beſt Patron, and their negligence, a maine paſſage to his profit. He is a thing of more than ordinary iudgement: For by vertue of that, hee buyeth land, buildeth houſes and raiſeth the low ſet roofe of his croſſe legged Fortune. His actions are ſtrong encounters, and for their notoriouſneſſe alwayes vpon Record. It is neither *Amadis de Gaule*, nor the Knight of the *Sunne*, that is able to re-

siſt them. A tenne groates fee ſetteth them on foote, and a brace of Officers bringeth them to execution. Hee handleth the Spaniſh Pike, to the hazard of many poore Ægyptian vermins; and in ſhew of his valour, ſcorneth a greater Gantlet, then will couer the toppe of his middle-finger. Of all weapons he moſt affecteth the long Bill, and this he will manage to the great preiudice of a Cuſtomers eſtate. His ſpirit notwithſtanding is not ſo much as to make you thinke him man; like a true mongrell, hee neither bites nor barkes, but when your backe is towards him. His heart is a lumpe of congealed ſnow: *Prometheus* was aſleepe while it was making. Hee differeth altogether from God; for with him the beſt peeces are ſtill marked out for Damnation, and without hope of recouery ſhall be caſt downe into hell. Hee is partly an Alchymiſt; for hee extracteth his owne apparrell out of other mens clothes; and when occaſion ſerueth, making

making a Brokers ſhop his Alembicke, can turne your ſilkes into golde, and hauing furniſhed his neceſſities, after a moneth or two if hee bee vrged vnto it, reduce them againe to their proper ſubſtance. Hee is in part likewiſe an Arithmetician, cunning enough in Multiplication and addition, but cannot abide ſubſtraction: *Summa totalis*, is the language of his *Canaan*; *& vſq; ad vltimum quadrantem*, the period of all his Charitie. For any skill in *Geometrie*, I dare not commend him; For hee could neuer yet finde out the dimenſions of his owne conſcience: Notwithſtanding hee hath many bottomes, it ſeemeth this is alwaies bottomeleſſe. Hee is double yarded, and yet his female complaineth of want of meaſure. And ſo, with a *Liberanos à malo*; I leaue you, promiſing to amend whatſoeuer is amiſſe, at his next ſetting.

A Puritane

IS a diſeas'd peece of *Apocripha*: bind him to the Bible, and hee corrupts the whole text: Ignorance and fat feed, are his Founders; his Nurſes, Railing, Rabbies, and round breeches: his life is but a borrowed blaſt of winde; For betweene two religions, as betweene two doores, he is euer whiſtling. Truly whoſe child he is, is yet vnknowne; For willingly his faith allowes no Father: onely thus farre his pedegree is found, Bragger and he flouriſht about a time firſt; his fiery zeale keepes him continuall coſtiue, which withers him into his owne tranſlation, and till hee eate a Schooleman, he is hide-bound; hee euer prayes againſt *Non Reſidents*, but is himſelfe the greateſt diſcontinuer, for hee neuer keepes neere his text: any thing that the Law allowes, but Marriage, and March-beere, hee murmures

murmures at; what it diſallowes and holds dangerous, makes him a diſcipline. Where the gate ſtands open, he is euer ſeeking a ſtile: and where his Learning ought to climbe, hee creepes through; giue him aduice, you runne into *Traditions*, and vrge a modeſt courſe, he cries out *Councels*. His greateſt care is to contemne obedience, his laſt care to ſerue God, handſomely and cleanly; He is now become ſo croſſe a kinde of teaching, that ſhould the Church enioyne cleane ſhirts, hee were lowſie: more ſenſe than ſingle prayers is not his; nor more in thoſe, than ſtill the ſame petitions: from which hee either feares a learned faith, or doubts God vnderſtands not at firſt hearing. Shew him a Ring, hee runs backe like a Beare; and hates ſquare dealing as allied to caps: a paire of Organs blow him out o'th Pariſh, and are the onely gliſter-pipes to coole him. Where the meate is beſt, there he confutes moſt, for his arguing is but the efficacie of his

eating: good bits he holds breeds good positions, and the Pope hee best concludes against, in Plum-broth. Hee is often drunke, but not as we are, temporally, nor can his sleepe then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition make his very Soule reele, and that small Beere that should allay him (silence) keepes him more surfeited, and makes his heate breake out in priuate houses: women and Lawyers are his best Disciples, the one next fruit, longs for forbidden Doctrine, the other to maintaine forbidden titles, both which hee sowes amongst them. Honest hee dare not be, for that loues order: yet if hee can be brought to Ceremony, and made but master of it, he is conuerted.

A Whore

A Whore.

IS a hie-way to the Deuill, hee that lookes vpon her with deſire, begins his voyage: he that ſtaies to talke with her, mends his pace; and who enioyes her, is at his iourneys end: Her body is the tilted Lees of pleaſure, daſht ouer with a little decking to hold colour: taſt her ſhee's dead, and fals vpon the pallate; the ſinnes of other women ſhew in Landſcip, far off and full of ſhadow, hers in Statue, neere hand and bigger in the life: ſhee prickes betimes, for her ſtocke is a white thorne, which cut and grafted on, ſhee growes a Medler: Her trade is oppoſite to any other, for ſhee ſets vp without credit, and too much cuſtome breakes her; The money that ſhe gets is like a traitors, giuen onely to corrupt her; and what ſhee gets, ſerues but to pay diſeaſes. Shee is euer moor'd in ſinne, and euer mending, and after

thirty, ſhee is the Chirurgions creature, ſhame and Repentance are two ſtrangers to her, and onely in an hoſpitall acquainted. Shee liues a Reprobate, like *Caine*, ſtill branded, finding no habitation bnt her feares, and flies the face of Iuſtice like a Fellon. The firſt yeere of her trade ſhee is an Eyeſſe, ſcratches and cries to draw on more affection: the ſecond Soare: the third a Ramage whore: the fourth and fifth, ſhee's an intermewer, preies for her ſelfe, and ruffles all ſhe reaches; from thence to tenne ſhee beares the name of white Whore, for then her bloud forſakes her with ſalt Rheumes, and now ſhee has mewd three coates; now ſhee growes weary and diſeas'd together, fauours her wing, checks little, but lies for it, bathes for her health, and ſcoures to keepe her coole, yet ſtill ſhe takes in ſtones, ſhe fires her ſelfe elſe: the next remoue is Haggard, ſtill more cunning; and if my Art deceiue mee not, more crazie. All cares and cures are doubled

now

now vpon her, and line her perch, or now ſhe mewes her pounces, at all theſe yeeres ſhee flies at fooles and kils too: the next is Buſſard Bawde, and there I leaue her.

A very Whore

IS a woman. She enquires out all the great meetings, which are medicines for her itching. Shee kiſſeth open mouth'd, and ſpits in the palmes of her hands to make them moiſt. Her eyes are like free-booters, liuing vpon the ſpoile of ſtragglers; and ſhee baits her deſires with a million of proſtitute countenances and entiſements; in the light ſhee liſtneth to parlies: but in the darke ſhe vnderſtands ſignes beſt. Shee will ſell her ſmocke for Cuffes, and ſo her ſhooes be fine, ſhe cares not though her ſtockings want feet. Her modeſty is curioſity, and her ſmell is one of her beſt

beſt ornaments. Shee paſſeth not a ſpan bredth. And to haue done, ſhe is the Cooke and the meat, dreſſing her ſelfe all day, to bee taſted with the better appetite at night.

A meere common Lawyer

IS the beſt ſhadow to make a diſcreet one ſhew the fairer. Hee is a *Materia prima* informed by reports, actuated by ſtatutes, and hath his Motion by the fauourable Intelligence of the Court. His law is alwayes furniſht with a Commiſſion to arraigne his Conſcience: but vpon iudgement giuen, he vſually ſets it at large. He thinks no language worth knowing but his *Barragouin*. Onely for that point hee hath beene a long time at warres with *Priſcian* for a Northerne Prouince. He imagines that by ſuperexcellencie his profeſſion onely is learning, and that it's a pro-

a prophanation of the temple to his *Themis* dedicated, if any of the liberall Arts bee there admitted to offer ſtrange incenſe to Her. For indeed hee is all for money. Seuen or eight yeeres ſquires him out, ſome of his Nation leſſe ſtanding: and euer ſince the Night of his Call, hee forgot much what hee was at dinner. The next morning his man (in *Actu* or *potentia*) inioyes his pickadels. His Landreſſe is then ſhrewdly troubled in fitting him a Ruffe; His perpetuall badge. His loue-letters of the laſt yeere of his Gentlemanſhip are ſtuft with *Diſcontinuances*, *Remitters*, and *Vncore priſts*: but now being enabled to ſpeake in proper perſon, hee talkes of a French-hood, in ſtead of a Ioynture, wages his law, and ioynes iſſue. Then hee begins to ſticke his letters in his ground Chamber-window; that ſo the ſuperſcription may make his Squire-ſhip tranſparent. His Heraldry giues him place before the Miniſter, becauſe the Law was before the Goſpell.

Goſpell. Next Terme hee walkes his hoopſleeue gowne to the Hall; there it proclaimes him. Hee feeds fat in the Reading, and till it chances to his turne, diſlikes no houſe order ſo much, as that the month is ſo contracted to a fortnight. Mongſt his countrey neighbours, he arrogates as much honor for being Reader of an Inne of Chancery, as if it had beene of his owne houſe. For they, poore ſoules, take Law and Conſcience, Court and Chancery for all one. He learn'd to frame his Caſes from putting Riddles and imitating *Merlins* Propheſies, and ſo ſet all the Croſſe-row together by the eares. Yet his whole Law is not able to decide *Lucians* one olde controuerſie 'twixt *Tau* and *Sigma*. Hee accounts no man of his Cap and coat idle, but who trots not the Circuit. Hee affects no life or qualitie for it ſelfe, but for gaine; and that at leaſt, to the ſtating him in a Iuſtice of peaceſhip, which is the firſt quickning ſoule ſuperadded to the elementary

mentary and inanimate forme of his new Title. His Termes are his wiues vacations. Yet ſhee then may vſurpe diuers Court-dayes, and hath her Returnes *in Menſem*, for writs of entry: often ſhorter. His vacations are her Termers. But in aſſiſe time (the circuit being long) hee may haue a triall at home againſt him by *Niſi Prius*. No way to heauen, hee thinkes, ſo wiſe, as through *Weſtminſter Hall*; and his Clarkes commonly through it viſit both heauen and hell. Yet then hee oft forgets his iourneys end, although hee looke on the *Starre-Chamber*. Neither is hee wholly deſtitute of the Arts. *Grammer* he hath enough to make terminations of thoſe words which his authoritie hath indenizon'd. *Rhetoricke* ſome; but ſo little, that its thought a concealement. *Logicke* enough to wrangle. *Arithmeticke* enough for the Ordinals of his yeare-bookes: and number-roles: but he goes not to *Multiplication*; there's a Statute againſt it. So much

Geometrie,

Geometrie, that he can aduiſe in a *Perambulatione facienda*, or a *Rationalibus diuiſis*. In *Aſtronomie* and *Aſtrologie* he is ſo farre ſeene, that by the *Dominicall* letter, hee knowes the Holy-dayes, and findes by Calculation that *Michaelmas* Terme will bee long and dirty. Marry, hee knowes ſo much in *Muſicke*, that hee affects onely the moſt and cunningeſt *Diſcords*; rarely a perfect *Concord*, eſpecially ſong, except *in fine*. His skill in *Perſpective* endeauours much to deceiue the eie of the Law, and giues many falſe colours. Hee is ſpecially practiſed in *Necromancie*, (ſuch a kind as is out of the Statute of *Primo*) by raiſing many *dead queſtions*. What ſufficiency he hath in *Criticiſme*, the foule copies of his *Speciall Pleas* will tell you.

Many of the ſame coate, which are much to bee honoured, partake of diuers of his indifferent qualities, but ſo, that *Diſcretion*, *Vertue*, and ſometimes other *good learning*, concurring and diſtinguiſhing

ſtinguiſhing Ornaments to them, make them as a foyle to ſet their worth on.

A Meere Scholler.

A *Meere Scholler is an intelligible Aſſe:* Or a ſilly fellow in blacke, that ſpeakes Sentences more familiarly then Sence. The Antiquity of his Vniuerſity is his Creed, and the excellency of his Colledge (though but for a match at Foot-ball) an Article of his faith: hee ſpeakes Latine better then his Mother-tongue; and is a ſtranger in no part of the world, but his owne Countrey: hee do's vſually tell great ſtories of himſelfe to ſmall purpoſe, for they are commonly ridiculous, bee they true or falſe: his Ambition is, that hee either is, or ſhall be a graduate: but if euer he get a Fellowſhip, he ha's then no fellow. In ſpight of all *Logicke* he dare ſweare and maintaine it, that a Cuckold and a Towneſ-

Towneſ-man are *Termini conuertibiles*, though his Mothers Husband bee an *Alderman*: he was neuer begotten (as it ſeemes) without much wrangling; for his whole life is ſpent in *Pro & Contra*: his tongue goes alwayes before his wit, like Gentleman-vſher, but ſomewhat faſter. That he is a compleat Gallant in all points, *Cap a pea*; witneſſe his horſemanſhip, and the wearing of his weapons: hee is commonly long winded, able to ſpeake more with eaſe, than any man can endure to heare with patience. Vniuerſitie ieſts are his vniuerſall diſcourſe, and his newes the demeanor of the Proctors: his Phraſe, the apparell of his minde, is made of diuers ſhreds like a cuſhion; and when it goes plaineſt, it hath a raſh outſide, and fuſtian linings. The currant of his ſpeech is clos'd with an *Ergo*; and what euer be the queſtion, the truth is on his ſide. Tis a wrong to his reputation to be ignorant of any thing; and yet he knowes not that he knowes nothing: he giues direc-

ctions

ctions for Husbandrie from *Virgils Georgicks*; for Cattell from his *Bucolicks*; for warlike Stratagems, from his *Æneides*, or *Cæsars Commentaries*: hee orders all things by the Booke, is skilfull in all trades, and thriues in none: he is led more by his eares then his vnderſtanding, taking the ſound of words for their true ſenſe: and do's therefore confidently beleeue, that *Erra Pater* was the Father of heretiques, *Rodolphus Agricola*, a ſubſtantiall Farmer; and will not ſticke to auerre, that *Syſtema's Logicke* doth excell *Keckermans*: his ill lucke is not ſo much in being a foole, as in being put to ſuch pains to expreſſe it to the world: for what in others is naturall, in him (with much adoe) is artificiall: his pouertie is his happineſſe, for it makes ſome men beleeue, that hee is none of fortunes fauorites. That learning which hee hath, was in Non-age put in backeward like a gliſter, and 'tis now like Ware miſlaid in a Pedlers packe; a ha's it, but knowes not where

it is. In a word, he is the Index of a man, and the Title-page of a Scholler, or a Puritane in morality, much in profeſſion, nothing in practiſe.

A Tinker

IS a mooueable: for hee hath no abiding place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his chollericke nature. Hee ſeemes to bee very deuout, for his life is a continuall pilgrimage, and ſometimes in humility goes barefoot, therein making neceſſity a vertue. His houſe is as ancient as *Tubal Caines*, and ſo is a runnagate by antiquity: yet hee prooues himſelfe a Gallant, for hee carries all his wealth vpon his backe; or a Philoſopher, for hee beares all his ſubſtance about him. From his Art was Muſicke firſt inuented, and therefore is hee alwaies furniſht with a ſong: to which his hammer keeping tune, proues

proues that hee was the first founder of the Kettle-drumme. Note that where the best Ale is, there stands his musicke most vpon crotchets. The companion of his trauels is some foule sunne-burnt Queane, that since the terrible Statute recanted Gypsisme, and is turned Pedleresse. So marches he all ouer England with his bag and baggage. His conuersation is vnreproueable; for hee is euer mending. Hee obserues truely the Statutes, and therefore hee had rather steale then begge, in which hee is vnremoueably constant in spight of whips or imprisonment: and so a strong enemy to idlenesse, that in mending one hole, hee had rather make three then want worke; and when hee hath done, hee throwes the Wallet of his faults behind him. Hee embraceth naturally ancient customes, conuersing in open fields, and lowly Cottages. If he visit Cities or Townes, tis but to deale vpon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which with

Canting proues him a *Linguiſt*. Hee is entertain'd in euery place, but enters no further then the doore, to auoid ſuſpicion. Some would take him to be a Coward; but beleeue it, hee is a Lad of mettle, his valor is commonly three or foure yards long, faſtned to a pike in the end for flying off. Hee is very prouident, for he will fight but with one at once, and then alſo hee had rather ſubmit then bee counted obſtinate. To conclude, if he ſcape Tyburne and Banbury, he dies a begger.

An Apparatour

IS a Chicke of the egge Abuſe, hatcht by the warmth of authority: hee is a bird of rapine, and beginnes to prey and feather together. Hee croakes like a Rauen againſt the death of rich men, and ſo gets a Legacy vnbequeath'd: his happineſſe is in the multitude of children,

dren, for their increaſe is his wealth; and to that end, hee himſelfe yeerely addes one. He is a cunning hunter, vncouping his intelligencing hounds, vnder hedges, in thickets and corne-fields, who follow the chaſe to City-Suburbs, where often his game is at couert: his quiuer hangs by his ſide, ſtuft with ſiluer arrowes, which hee ſhootes againſt Church-gates, and priuate mens doores, to the hazard of their purſes and credit. There went but a paire of ſheeres betweene him and the purſiuant of hell, for they both delight in ſinne, grow richer by it, and are by iuſtice appointed to puniſh it: onely the Deuill is more cunning, for hee pickes a liuing out of others gaines. His liuing lieth in his eyes which (like ſpirits) hee ſends through chinkes, and key holes, to ſuruey the places of darkeneſſe; for which purpoſe he ſtudieth the opticks, but can diſcouer no colour but blacke, for the pure white of chaſtitie dazleth his eyes. Hee is a Catholike, for hee is

euery where; and with a Politicke, for he transformes himſelfe into all ſhapes. Hee trauels on foot to auoid idleneſſe, and loues the Church entirely, becauſe it is the place of his edification. He accounts not all ſinnes mortall: for fornication with him is a veniall ſinne, and to take bribes a matter of charity: hee is collector for burnings, and loſſes at Sea, and in caſting account, can readily ſubſtract the leſſer from the greater ſumme. Thus liues he in a golden age, till Death by a proceſſe, ſummons him to appeare.

An Almanacke-maker

IS the worſt part of an Aſtronomer: a creature compact of figures, characters, and cyphers: out of which he ſcores the fortune of a yeere, not ſo profitably, as doubtfully. He is tenant by cuſtome to the Planets, of whom he holds

holds the 12. Houſes by leaſe parol: to them he payes yearely rent, his ſtudy, and time; yet lets them out againe (with all his heart) for 40. s. *per annum.* His life is meerely contemplatiue: for his practiſe, tis worth nothing, at leaſt not worthy of credit; and if (by chance) he purchaſe any, hee loſeth it againe at the yeeres end, for time brings truth to light. *Ptolomy* and *Ticho-Brache* are his Patrons, whoſe volumes he vnderſtands not, but admires; and the rather becauſe they are Strangers, and ſo eaſier to bee credited, than controui'd. His life is vpright, for he is alwaies looking vpward; yet dares beleeue nothing aboue *Primum mobile*, for tis out of the reach of his *Iacobs ſtaffe.* His charity extends no further then to mountebanks and Sow-gelders, to whom hee bequeathes the ſeaſons of the yeere, to kill or torture by. The verſes in his Booke haue a worſe pace then euer had *Rocheſter* Hackney: for his Proſe, 'tis dappled with Inke-horne tearmes, and

may ſerue for an Almanacke: but for his iudging at the vncertainty of weather, any olde Shepheard ſhall make a Dunce of him. He would bee thought the deuils intelligencer for ſtolne goods: if euer he ſteale out of that quality, as a flie turnes to a Maggot, ſo the corruption of the cunning-man is the generation of an Empericke: his workes flye forth in ſmall volumes, yet not all, for many ride poſt to chaundlers and Tobacco ſhops in folio. To be briefe, he fals 3. degrees ſhort of his promiſes; yet is hee the Key to vnlocke Termes, and Law-dayes, a dumbe *Mercurie* to point out high-waies, and a bayliffe of all Marts and Faires in England. The reſt of him you ſhall know next yeere; for what hee will be then, hee himſelfe knowes not.

An Hypocrite

An Hypocrite

IS a gilded *Pill*, compos'd of two vertuous ingredients, *Naturall diſhoneſty* and *Artificiall Diſſimulation. Simple Fruit*, *Plant*, or *Drug*, he is none, but a deformed mixture, bred betwixt *Euill Nature* and *falſe Art*, by a monſtrous *generation*; and may well be put into the reckoning of thoſe creatures that God neuer made. In *Church* or *Commonwealth* (for in both theſe this *Mongrell-weede* will ſhoot) it is hard to ſay whether he be *Phyſicke* or a *Diſeaſe*: for he is both in diuers reſpects.

As he is gilt with an out-ſide of *Seeming purity*, or as he offereth himſelfe to you to be taken downe in a cup or taſt of *Golden zeale* and *Simplicity*, you may call him *phyſicke*. Nay, and neuer let *potion* giue *Patient* good ſtoole, if being truely taſted and reliſht, hee bee not as loathſome

loathſome to the ſtomacke of any honeſt man.

He is alſo *Phyſicke*, in being as commodious for vſe, as he is odious in taſte, if the *Body* of the *company* into which he is taken, can make true vſe of him. For the malice of his nature makes him ſo *Informer-like-dangerous*, in taking aduantage, of any thing done or ſaid: yea, euen to the ruine of his makers, if he may haue benefit; that ſuch a creature in a ſociety makes men as carefull of their ſpeeches and actions, as the ſight of a knowne Cut-purſe in a throng makes them watchfull ouer their purſes and pockets: he is alſo in this reſpect profitable Phyſicke, that his conuerſation being once truly taſted and diſcouered, the hatefull foulneſſe of it will make thoſe that are not fully like him, to purge all ſuch Diſeaſes as are ranke in him, out of their owne liues; as the ſight of ſome Citizens on horſe-backe, makes a iudicious man amend his owne faults in horſemanſhip. If none of theſe

vſes

vſes can bee made of him, let him not long offend the ſtomacke of your company; your beſt way is to ſpue him out. That hee is a Diſeaſe in the body where hee liueth, were as ſtrange a thing to doubt, as whether there bee knauery in Horſe-courſers. For if among Sheepe, the rot; amongſt Dogs, the mange; amongſt Horſes, the glaunders; amongſt Men and Women, the Northerne itch, and the French Ache be diſeaſes; an Hypocrite cannot but bee the like in all States and Societies that breede him. If he be a Cleargy Hypocrite, then all manner of vice is for the moſt part ſo proper to him, as hee will grudge any man the practiſe of it but himſelfe; like that graue Burgeſſe, who being deſired to lend his cloathes to repreſent a part in a Comedie, anſwered: *No, by his leaue, he would haue no body play the foole in his cloathes but himſelfe.* Hence are his ſo auſtere reprehenſions of drinking healths, laſciuious talke, vſury and vnconſcionable dealing; when as himſelfe hating

hating the profane mixture of malt and water, will by his good will let nothing come within him, but the purity of the Grape, when hee can get it of anothers coſt: But this muſt not bee done neither, without a preface of ſeeming lothneſſe, turning vp the eyes, mouing the head, laying hand on the breſt, and proteſting that hee would not doe it, but to ſtrengthen his body, being euen conſumed with diſſembled zeale, and tedious and thankleſſe babling to God and his Auditours. And for the other vices, I doe but venture the making your ſelfe priuate with him, or truſting of him, and if you come off without a ſauour of the ayre which his ſoule is infected with, you haue great fortune. The fardle of all this ware that is in him, you ſhall commonly ſee carried vpon the backe of theſe two beaſts, that liue within him, *Ignorance* and *Imperiouſneſſe*: and they may well ſerue to carry other vices, for of themſelues they

are

are insupportable. His *Ignorance* acquites him of all science, humane or diuine, and of all Language, but his mothers; holding nothing pure, holy, or sincere, but the senseleſſe collections of his owne crazed braine, the zealous fumes of his enflamed spirit, and the endles labors of his eternall tongue; the motions whereof, when matter and words faile (as they often doe) muſt be patched vp, to accompliſh his foure houres in a day at the leaſt, with long and feruent *hummes*. Any thing elſe, either for language or matter hee cannot abide, but thus cenſureth: *Latine*, the language of the *Beaſt*; *Greeke*, the tongue wherin the heathen Poets wrote their fictions; *Hebrew*, the ſpeech of the *Iewes*, that crucified Chriſt: *Controuerſies* doe not edifie, *Logicke* and *Philoſophy*, are the ſubtilties of *Sathan*, to deceiue the *Simple*. Humane ſtories *profane*, and not ſauouring of the *Spirit*: In a word, all decent and ſenſible forme of ſpeech and perſwaſion (though

in

in his owne tongue) vaine *Oſtentation.* And all this is the burthen of his *Ignorance:* ſauing that ſometimes *Idleneſſe* will put in alſo to beare a part of the baggage.

His other *Beaſt Imperiouſneſſe*, is yet more proudly loaden, it carrieth a burthen, that no cords of *Authoritie*, *Spirituall* nor *Temporall*, ſhould binde, if it might haue the full ſwindge: No *Pilat*, no *Prince* ſhould command him: Nay, hee will command them, and at his pleaſure cenſure them, if they will not ſuffer their eares to bee fettered with the long chaines of his tedious collations, their purſes to bee emptied with the inundations of his vnſatiable humour, and their iudgements to bee blinded with the muffler of his *Zealous Ignorance.* For this doth hee familiarly inſult ouer his *Maintainer* that breedes him, his *Patrone* that feedes him, and in time ouer all them that will ſuffer him to ſet a foot within their doores, or put a finger in their purſes. All this,

and

and much more is in him, that abhorring *Degrees* and *Vniuerſities*, as reliques of *Superſtition*, hath leapt from a Shopboord, or a Cloke-bagge, to a Deske, or Pulpit, and that like a Sea-god in a *Pageant*, hath the rotten laths of his culpable life, and palpable ignorance, couered ouer with the painted-cloth of a pure gowne, and a night-cap; and with a falſe Trumpet of *Fained Zeale*, draweth after him ſome poore *Nymphes* and *Madmen*, that delight more to reſort to darke Caues and ſecret places, then to open and publike aſſemblies. The *Lay-Hypocrite*, is to the other a *Champion*, *Diſciple* and *Subiect*; and will not acknowledge the tythe of the *Subiection*, to any *Miter*; no, not to any *Scepter*, that he will doe to the hooke and crooke of his zeale-blinde Shepheard. No *Ieſuites* demand more blinde and abſolute obedience from their vaſſals; no Magiſtrates of the *Canting* ſociety, more ſlauiſh ſubiection from the members of that

that trauelling ſtate, then the Clerke *Hypocrites* expect from theſe lay-Pupils. Nay, they muſt not onely bee obeyed, ſedde, and defended, but admired too: and that their Lay-followers doe as ſincerely, as a ſhirtleſſe fellow with a Cudgell vnder his arme doth a face-wringing *Ballad-ſinger*: a *Water-bearer* on the floore of a Play-houſe, a wide-mouth'd *Poet*, that ſpeakes nothing but bladders and bumbaſt. Otherwiſe, for life and profeſſion, nature and Art, inward and outward, they agree in all, like *Canters* and *Gypſies*: they are all *zeale*, no *knowledge*: all purity, no humanity: all ſimplicity, no honeſty: and if you neuer truſt them, they will neuer deceiue you.

A Maquerela,

A Maquerela, in plaine Engliſh a Bawd

IS an olde *Char-cole*, that hath beene burnt her ſelfe, and therefore is able to kindle a whole greene Coppice. The burden of her ſong is like that of *Frier Bacons* Head; *Time is*, *Time was*, *and Time is paſt*: in repeating which, ſhe makes a wicked brazen face, and weepes in the cuppe, to allay the heat of her *Aqua-vitæ*. Her teeth are falne out; marry her noſe, and chin, intend very ſhortly to bee friends, and meet about it. Her yeeres are ſixty and odde: that ſhee accounts her beſt time of trading; for a *Bawde* is like a Medlar, ſhee's not ripe, till ſhee bee rotten. Her enuy is like that of the Deuill, to haue all faire women like her; and becauſe it is impoſſible they ſhould catch it being ſo young, ſhee hurries them to it by diſeaſes. Her *Parke* is a villanous barren ground; and all the Deere in it are

Raſcall: yet poore Cottagers in the Countrey (that know her but by heare-ſay) thinke well of her; for what ſhe encloſes to day, ſhe makes *Common* to morrow. Her goods and her ſelfe are all remou'd in one ſort, onely ſhee makes bold to take the vpper hand of them, and to bee carted before them; the thought of which, makes her ſhee cannot endure a poſſet, becauſe it puts her in minde of a Baſon. She ſits continually at a rackt Rent; eſpecially, if her *Landlord* beare office in the Pariſh: for her moueables in the houſe; (beſides her quicke cattell) they are not worth an *Inuentory*, onely her beds are moſt commonly in print: ſhee can eaſily turne a Sempſtreſſe into a waiting Gentle-woman, but her Ward-robe is moſt infectious, for it brings them to the *Falling ſickneſſe*: ſhee hath onely this one ſhew of *Temperance*, that let a Gentleman ſend for tenne pottles of wine in her houſe, hee ſhall haue but tenne quarts; and if hee want it that way, let him

him pay for't, and take it out in ſtewde prunes. The Iuſtices Clarke ſtands many times her very good friend: and workes her peace with the Iuſtice of *Quorum*. Nothing ioyes her ſo much, as the comming ouer of *Strangers*, nor daunts her ſo much as the approach of Shroue-tueſday. In fine, not to foule more paper with ſo foule a ſubiect, he that hath paſt vnder her, hath paſt the *Equinoctiall*; He that hath ſcap't her, hath ſcap't worſe then the *Calenture*.

A Chamber-maid.

SHe is her miſtreſſes ſhee Secretary, and keepes the boxe of her teeth, her haire, and her painting very priuate. Her induſtry is vp-ſtaires, and downe-ſtaires like a Drawer: and by her dry hand you may know ſhee is a ſore ſtarcher. If ſhe lye at her Maſters beds feet, ſhe is quit of the *Greeneſickneſſe* for e-

uer; For ſhee hath terrible dreames when ſhee is awake, as if ſhe were troubled with the *Night Mare*. Shee hath a good liking to dwell i'th Countrey, but ſhe holds *London* the goodlieſt Forreſt in *England*, to ſhelter a great belly. She reads *Greenes* works ouer and ouer, but is ſo carried away with *the Mirror of Knighthood*, ſhee is many times reſolu'd to runne out of her ſelfe, and become a Lady Errant. If ſhee catch a clap, ſhee diuides it ſo equally betweene the Maſter and the Seruingman, as if ſhee had cut out the getting of it by a Thread: onely the knaue *Sumner* makes her bowle booty, and ouer-reach the Maſter. The Pedant of the houſe, though he promiſe her marriage, cannot grow further inward with her, ſhee hath paid for her credulity often, and now growes weary. Shee likes the forme of our marriage very well, in that a woman is not tyed to anſwer to any Articles concerning queſtion of her Virginitie: Her minde, her body, and clothes, are

are parcels loosely tackt together, and for want of good vtterance, shee perpetually laughes out her meaning. Her Mistris and shee helpe to make away *Time*, to the idlest purpose that can bee, either for loue or money. In briefe, these *Chambermaides* are like Lotteries: you may draw twenty, ere one worth any thing.

A Precisian.

TO speake no otherwise of this *varnisht rottennesse* then in truth and verity he is, I must define him to bee a demure Creature, full of orall Sanctity, and mentall impiety; a faire obiect to the eye, but starke naught for the vnderstanding: or else a violent thing, much giuen to contradiction. Hee will bee sure to bee in opposition with the *Papist*, though it bee sometimes accompanied with an absurdity;

like the Ilanders neere adioyning vnto *China*, who ſalute by putting off their ſhooes, becauſe the men of *China* doe it by their hats. If at any time hee faſt, it is vpon Sunday, and hee is ſure to feaſt vpon Friday. He can better afford you tenne lies, than one oath, and dare commit any ſinne guilded with a pretence of ſanctity. Hee will not ſticke to commit fornication or Adulterie, ſo it bee done in the feare of God, and for the propagation of the godly; and can finde in his heart to lye with any whore, ſaue the whore of *Babylon*. To ſteale hee holds it lawfull, ſo it bee from the wicked and Ægyptians. Hee had rather ſee *Antichriſt*, then a picture in the Church window: and chuſeth ſooner to bee halfe hanged, then ſee a legge at the name of *IESVS*, or one ſtand at the *Creede*. Hee conceiues his prayer in the kitchin, rather then in the Church, and is of ſo good diſcourſe, that hee dares challenge the *Almighty* to talke with him *ex tempore*. Hee thinkes euery

Orga-

Organiſt is in the ſtate of damnation, and had rather heare one of *Robert Wiſdomes Pſalmes*, then the beſt *Hymne a Cherubin* can ſing. Hee will not breake winde without an *Apologie*, or asking forgiueneſſe, nor kiſſe a Gentlewoman for feare of luſting after her. Hee hath nicknamde all the Prophets and Apoſtles with his Sonnes, and begets nothing but *Vertues* for Daughters. Finally hee is ſo ſure of his ſaluation, that hee will not change places in heauen with the *Virgin Mary*, without boote.

An Innes of Court man.

HE is diſtinguiſhed from a Scholler by a paire of ſilke ſtockings, and a Beauer Hat, which makes him contemne a Scholler as much as a Scholler doth a Schoolemaſter. By that he hath heard one mooting, and ſeene two plaies, he thinkes as baſely of the

Vniuersity, as a young *Sophister* doth of the *Grammer-schoole*. Hee talkes of the *Vniuersity*, with that state, as if he were her Chauncellour; findes fault with alterations, and the fall of *Discipline*, with an *It was not so when I was a Student*; although that was within this halfe yeare. Hee will talke ends of *Latine* though it bee false, with as great confidence, as euer *Cicero* could pronounce an Oration, though his best authors for't, be *Tauernes* and *Ordinaries*. Hee is as farre behinde a *Courtier* in his fashion, as a Scholler is behinde him: and the best grace in his behauiour, is to forget his acquaintance.

Hee laughes at euery man whose Band sits not well, or that hath not a faire shoo-tie, and he is ashamed to be seene in any mans company that weares not his cloathes well. His very essence he placeth in his out-side, and his chiefest prayer is, that his reuenues may hold out for Taffata cloakes in the Summer, and Veluet in the Winter.

For

For his recreation, he had rather goe to a Citizens Wife, then a Bawdy-house, onely to saue charges: and hee holds Fee-taile to bee absolutely the best tenure. To his acquaintance he offers two quarts of wine, for one he giues. You shall neuer see him melancholly, but when hee wants a new Suite, or feares a Seargeant: At which times onely, he betakes himselfe to *Ploydon*. By that he hath read *Littleton*, he can call *Solon*, *Lycurgus*, and *Iustinian*, fooles, and dares compare his Law to a *Lord Chiefe Iustices*.

A meere fellow of an house.

HE is one whose Hopes commonly exceed his fortunes, and whose minde soares aboue his purse. If he hath read *Tacitus*, *Guicchardine*, or *Gallo-Belgicus*, he contemnes the *late lord Treasurer*, for all the state-policie hee had;

had; and laughs to thinke what a foole he could make of *Salomon*, if hee were now aliue. Hee neuer weares new cloathes, but againſt a commencement or a good time, and is commonly a degree behinde the faſhion. Hee hath ſworne to ſee *London* once a yeere, though all his buſineſſe be to ſee a play, walke a turne in *Paules*, and obſerue the faſhion. Hee thinkes it a diſcredit to bee out of debt, which hee neuer likely cleeres, without reſignation money. He will not leaue his part he hath in the priuiledge ouer young Gentlemen, in going bare to him, for the Empire of *Germany*: Hee prayes as heartily for a ſealing, as a *Cormorant* doth for a deere yeere: yet commonly hee ſpends that reuenue before hee receiues it.

At meales, hee ſits in as great ſtate ouer his *Peny-Commons*, as euer *Vitellius* did at his greateſt Banquet: and takes great delight in comparing his fare to my Lord *Mayors*.

If

If hee bee a leader of a *Faction*, hee thinkes himſelfe greater then euer *Cæſar* was, or the *Turke* at this day is. And hee had rather loſe an inheritance then an Office, when he ſtands for it.

If he be to trauell, he is longer furniſhing himſelfe for a fiue miles iourney, then a ſhip is rigging for a ſeuen yeers voyage. Hee is neuer more troubled, then when he is to maintaine talke with a Gentle-woman: wherein he commits more abſurdities, then a Clowne in eating of an egge.

Hee thinkes himſelfe as fine when he is in a cleane band, and a new paire of ſhooes, as any Courtier doth, when he is firſt in a New-faſhion.

Laſtly, he is one that reſpects no man in the *Vniuerſity*, and is reſpected by no man out of it.

A Worthy

A worthy Commander in the Warres.

IS one that accounts learning the nouriſhment of military vertue, and layes that as his firſt foundation. He neuer bloudies his ſword but in heat of battell; and had rather ſaue one of his owne Souldiers, then kill tenne of his enemies. He accounts it an idle, vaineglorious, and ſuſpected bounty, to be full of good words; his rewarding therefore of the deſeruer arriues ſo timely, that his liberality can neuer bee ſaid to be gowty-handed. He holds it next his Creed, that no Coward can bee an honeſt man, and dare die in't. Hee doth not thinke his body yeelds a more ſpreading ſhadow after a victory then before; and when he lookes vpon his enemies dead body, tis with a kinde of noble heauineſſe, not inſultation; hee is ſo honourably mercifull to women in ſurpri-

ſurprizall, that onely, that makes him an excellent Courtier. He knowes the hazards of battels, not the pompe of Ceremonies, are Souldiers beſt Theaters, and ſtriues to gaine reputation not by the multitude, but by the greatneſſe of his actions. Hee is the firſt in giuing the charge, and the laſt in retiring his foot. Equall toile he endures with the Common Souldier, from his example they all take fire, as one torch lights many. He vnderſtands in warre, there is no meane to erre twice; the firſt, and leaſt fault being ſufficient to ruine an Army: faults therefore he pardons none, they that are preſidents of diſorder, or mutiny, repaire it by being examples of his *Iuſtice*. Beſiege him neuer ſo ſtrictly, ſo long as the ayre is not cut from him, his heart faints not. He hath learned as well to make vſe of a victory as to get it, and purſuing his enemy like a whirle-winde carries all afore him; being aſſured, if euer a man will benefit himſelfe vpon his foe, then is the time, when

when they haue loſt force, wiſdome, courage and reputation. The goodneſſe of his cauſe is the ſpeciall motiue to his valour; neuer is hee knowne to ſlight the weakeſt enemy that comes arm'd againſt him in the hand of *Iuſtice*. Haſty and ouermuch heat hee accounts the *Stepdame* to all great actions, that will not ſuffer them to thriue; if he cannot ouercome his *enemy* by force, hee does it by *Time*. If euer he ſhake hands with warre, hee can die more calmely then moſt Courtiers, for his continuall dangers haue beene as it were ſo many meditations of death; he thinkes not out of his owne calling, when hee accounts life a continuall warfare, and his prayers then beſt become him when armed *Cap a pea*. He vtters them like the great *Hebrew Generall*, on horſebacke. He caſts a ſmiling contempt vpon *Calumny*, it meets him as if *Glaſſe* ſhould encounter *Adamant*. Hee thinkes warre is neuer to bee giuen ore, but on one of theſe three conditions: an aſſured *peace*, abſolute *victory*,

or

or an honeſt *death*. Laſtly, when peace folds him vp, his ſiluer head ſhould leane neere the golden Scepter, and die in his *Princes* boſome.

A vaine-glorious Coward in Command

IS one that hath bought his place, or come to it by ſome Noble-mans letter: hee loues a life dead payes, yet wiſhes they may rather happen in his Cõpany by the ſcuruy, then by a battell. View him at a muſter, and he goes with ſuch noiſe, as if his body were the wheele-barrow that carried his iudgement rumbling to drill his Souldiers. No man can worſe define betweene *Pride* and noble *Courteſie*: he that ſalutes him not ſo farre as a Piſtoll carries leuell, giues him the *diſguſt* or *affront*, chuſe you whether. Hee traines by the booke,

booke, and reckons ſo many poſtures of the Pike and Musket, as if hee were counting at Noddy. When hee comes at firſt vpon a Camiſado, he lookes like the foure windes in painting, as if hee would blow away the enemy; but at the very firſt onſet ſuffers feare and trembling to dreſſe themſelues in his face apparantly. He ſcornes any man ſhould take place before him: yet at the entring of a *breach*, he hath beene ſo humble-minded, as to let his Lieutenant lead his Troopes for him. He is ſo ſure armed for taking hurt, that hee ſeldome does any: and while hee is putting on his Armes, he is thinking what ſumme hee can make to ſatisfie his ranſome. He will raile openly againſt all the great *Commanders* of the aduerſe party, yet in his owne conſcience allowes them for better men: ſuch is the nature of his feare, that contrary to all other filthy qualities, it makes him thinke better of another man then himſelfe. The firſt part of him that is ſet a running, is his

Eye-

Eye-ſight: when that is once ſtrucke with terrour, all the *Coſtiue Phyſicke* in the world cannot ſtay him; if euer hee doe any thing beyond his owne heart, tis for a *Knighthood*, and hee is the firſt kneeles for't without bidding.

A Pyrate

TRuely defined, is a *bold Traytour*, for hee fortifies a Caſtle againſt the King. Giue him Sea-roome in neuer ſo ſmall a veſſell; and like a witch in a ſieue, you would thinke he were going to make merry with the Deuill. Of all callings his is the moſt deſperate, for he will not leaue off his theeuing though he be in a narrow priſon, and looke euerie day (by tempeſt or ſight) for execution. Hee is one plague the Diuell hath added, to make the Sea more terrible then a ſtorme; and his heart is ſo hardned in that rugged element, that hee

cannot repent, though hee view his graue (before him) continually open: he hath ſo little of his owne, that the houſe he ſleepes in is ſtolne; all the neceſſities of life he filches, but one: hee cannot ſteale a ſound ſleepe, for his troubled conſcience: Hee is very gentle to thoſe vnder him, yet his rule is the horribleſt tyranny in the world, for hee giues licence to all rape, murder, and cruelty in his owne example: what he gets, is ſmall vſe to him, onely liues by it, (ſomwhat the longer) to doe a little more ſeruice to his belly; for hee throwes away his treaſure vpon the ſhore in riot, as if hee caſt it into the Sea. Hee is a *cruell Hauke* that flies at all but his own kinde: and as a *Whale* neuer comes a-ſhore but when ſhee is wounded; ſo hee very ſeldome, but for his neceſſities. He is the *Marchants Booke*, that ſerues onely to reckon vp his loſſes; *a perpetuall plague* to noble traffique, the *Hurican of the Sea*, and *the Earth-quake of the exchange*. Yet for all this giue him but his pardon, and

and forgiue him reſtitution, hee may liue to know the inſide of a Church, and die on this ſide Wapping.

An ordinarie Fencer

IS a fellow, that beſide ſhauing of Cudgels, hath a good inſight into the world, for hee hath long beene beaten to it. Fleſh and bloud he is like other men; but ſurely nature meant him *Stockfiſh*: his and a Dancing-ſchoole, are inſeparable adiuncts; and are bound, though both ſtinke of ſweat moſt abominably, neither ſhall complaine of annoiance: three large bauins ſet vp his Trade, with a bench; which (in the vacation of the afternoone) hee vſes for his day-bed; for a firkin to piſſe in, hee ſhall bee allowed that, by thoſe make *Allom*: when hee comes on the Stage at his Prize, hee makes a legge ſeuen ſeuerall waies, and

ſcrambles for money, as if he had beene borne at the *Bathe* in *Somerſet-ſhire:* at his challenge hee ſhewes his mettall; for contrary to all rules of Phyſicke, hee dare bleede, though it bee in the dog-dayes: hee teaches *Deuilliſh* play in's Schoole, but when hee fights himſelfe, hee doth it in the feare of a good Chriſtian. He compounds quarrels among his Schollers, and when hee hath brought the buſineſſe to a good vpſhot, he makes the reckoning. His wounds are ſeldome aboue skin-deepe; for an inward bruiſe, Lamb-ſtones and ſweet-breads are his onely *Sperma Ceti*, which hee eats at night, next his heart faſting: ſtrange Schoole-maſters they are, that euery day ſet a man as farre backeward as he went forward; and throwing him into a ſtrange poſture, teach him to threſh *ſatisfaction* out of *iniurie*. One ſigne of a good nature is, that hee is ſtill open breaſted to his friends, for his foile, and his doublet, weare not aboue two buttons: and reſolute hee is, for he

ſo

ſo much ſcornes to take blowes, that he neuer weares *Cuffes*; and hee liues better contented with a little, than other men; for if he haue two eyes in's head, he thinkes Nature hath ouerdone him. The Lord *Mayors* triumph makes him a man, for that's his beſt time to flouriſh. Laſtly, theſe Fencers are ſuch things, that care not if all the world were ignorant of more letters then only to read their Patent.

A Puny-clarke.

HEe is tane from *Grammar-ſchoole* halfe codled, and can hardly ſhake off his dreames of breeching in a twelue-moneth. Hee is a Farmers ſonne, and his fathers vtmoſt ambition is to make him an *Attorney*. Hee doth itch towards a Poet, and greaſes his breeches extreamely with feeding without a napkin. He ſtudies falſe dice

to cheat Coſtermongers, and is moſt chargeable to the Butler of ſome *Inne of Chancerie*, for piſſing in their greene pots. Hee eats Ginger-bread at a play-houſe; and is ſo ſawcy, that he ventures fairely for a broken pate at the banqueting houſe, and hath it. Hee would neuer come to haue any wit, but for a long *vacation*, for that makes him bethinke him how hee ſhall ſhift another day. Hee prayes hotly againſt faſting; and ſo he may ſup well on friday nights, hee cares not though his maſter be a Puritan. Hee practiſes to make the words in his *Declaration* ſpread, as a Sewer doth the diſhes at a Niggards Table; a Clarke of a ſwooping *Daſh*, is as commendable as a Flanders horſe of a large taile. Though you bee neuer ſo much delay'd, you muſt not call his Maſter knaue; that makes him goe beyond himſelfe, and write a Challenge in Court hand; for it may bee his owne another day. Theſe are ſome certaine of his *liberall faculties*: but in the

Terme

Terme time, his *Clog* is a *Buckrom Bag*. Laſtly, which is great pitty, hee neuer comes to his full growth, with bearing on his ſhoulder the ſinnefull burden of his Maſter at ſeuerall Courts in *Weſtminſter*.

A Foot-man.

LEt him bee neuer ſo well made, yet his Legs are not matches, for hee is ſtill ſetting the beſt foot forward. Hee will neuer be a ſtaid man, for he has had a running head of his owne, euer ſince his childe-hood. His mother (which, out of queſtion, was a light heel'd wench) knew it, yet let him runne his race, thinking age would reclaime him from his wilde courſes. Hee is very long winded; and, without doubt, but that he hates naturally to ſerue on horſe-backe, hee had proued an excellent trumpet. Hee has one happineſſe aboue

all the reſt of the Seruingmen, for when he moſt ouer-reaches his Maſter, hee's beſt thought of. Hee liues more by his owne heat then the warmth of clothes; and the waiting-woman hath the greateſt fancy to him, when hee is in his cloſe trouſes. Gardes he weares none; which makes him liue more vpright than any groſſe-gartered Gentleman-vſher. Tis impoſſible to draw his picture to the life, cauſe a man muſt take it as he's running; only this, Horſes are vſually let bloud on *S. Steuens* day: on *S. Patricks* he takes reſt, and is drencht for all the yeere after.

A Noble and retired Houſe-keeper,

IS one whoſe bounty is limited by *reaſon*, not *oſtentation*: and to make it laſt, he deales it diſcreetly, as wee ſowe the *furrow*, not by the ſacke, but by

by the handfull. His word and his meaning neuer ſhake handes and part, but alway goe together. Hee can ſuruay good, and loue it, and loues to doe it himſelfe, for it owne ſake; not for thankes. Hee knowes there is no ſuch miſerie as to out-liue good name; nor no ſuch folly as to put it in practiſe. His minde is ſo ſecure, that *thunder* rockes him aſleepe, which breaks other mens ſlumbers. *Nobility* lightens in his eyes; and in his face and geſture is painted. *The god of Hoſpitalitie.* His great houſes beare in their front more durance, then ſtate; vnleſſe this adde the greater ſtate to them, that they promiſe to out laſt much of our new phantaſticall building. His *heart* neuer growes old, no more then his *memorie*, whether at his booke or an horſebacke; he paſſeth his time in ſuch noble exerciſe, a man cannot ſay, any time is loſt by him: nor hath he only *yeares*, to approue he hath liued till hee bee old, but *vertues*. His thoughts haue a *high aime*, though their

their dwelling bee in the *Vale of an humble heart*, whence, as by an *Engine* (that raiſes water to fall, that it may riſe the higher) hee is heightned in his humility. The *Adamant* ſerues not for all Seas, but this doth; for hee hath, as it were, put a gird about the whole world, and founded all her *quicke-ſands*. Hee hath this hand ouer *Fortune*, that her iniuries, how violent or ſudden ſoeuer, they doe not daunt him; for whether his time call him to liue or die, hee can doe both nobly: if to fall, his deſcent is breaſt to breaſt with vertue; and euen then, like the *Sunne* neere his Set, hee ſhewes vnto the world his *cleareſt countenance*.

* *
* *

An Intru-

An Intruder into fauour

IS one that builds his reputation on others infamy: for ſlaunder is moſt commonly his morning prayer. His paſſions are guided by *Pride*, and followed by *Iniuſtice*. An inflexible anger againſt ſome poore ſutor, hee falſly calles a *Couragious conſtancy*, and thinks the beſt part of grauity to conſiſt in a ruffled forehead. Hee is the moſt ſlauiſhly ſubmiſſe; though enuious to thoſe are in better place then himſelfe; and knowes the Art of words ſo well, that (for ſhrowding diſhoneſty vnder a faire pretext) hee ſeemes to preſerue mudde in Chryſtall. Like a man of a kinde nature, hee is firſt good to himſelfe; in the next file, to his French Taylor, that giues him all his perfection: for indeed, like an *Eſtridge*, or *Bird of Paradiſe*, his feathers are more worth then his body. If euer hee doe

good

good deede (which is very ſeldome) his owne mouth is the *Chronicle* of it, leaſt it ſhould die forgotten. His whole body goes all vpon *ſcrewes*, and his face is the *vice* that moues them. If his *Patron* be giuen to muſicke, hee opens his chops, and *ſings*, or with a wrie necke, falls to tuning his inſtrument: if that faile, hee takes the height of his Lord with a Hawking pole. Hee followes the mans fortune, not the man: ſeeking thereby to encreaſe his owne. Hee pretends hee is moſt vndeſeruedly enuied, and cries out, remembring the game, *Cheſſe*, that a Pawne before a King is moſt plaid on. Debts hee owes none, but ſhrewd turnes, and thoſe hee payes ere hee be ſued. Hee is a flattering *Glaſſe* to conceale age, and wrinckles. Hee is *Mountains Monkie*, that climbing a tree, and skipping from bough to bough, giues you backe his face; but come once to the toppe, hee holds his noſe vp into the winde, and ſhewes you his tayle: yet all this gay glitter

ſhewes

ſhewes on him, as if the Sunne ſhone in a puddle; for he is a ſmall wine that will not laſt, and when he is falling, hee goes of himſelfe faſter then miſery can driue him.

A fayre and happy Milke-mayd,

IS a Countrey Wench, that is ſo farre from making her ſelfe beautifull by Art, that one looke of hers is able to put *all face-Phyſicke* out of countenance. She knowes a faire looke is but a *dumb Orator* to commend vertue, therefore mindes it not. All her excellencies ſtand in her ſo ſilently, as if they had ſtolne vpon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparell (which is her ſelfe) is farre better than outſides *of Tiſſew*: for though ſhe be not arraied in the ſpoile of the *Silke-worme*, ſhee is deckt in *innocencie*, a far better wearing. Shee doth not, with lying long a bed,

ſpoile

ſpoile both her *complexion* and *Conditions*; nature hath taught her, too *Immoderate ſleepe is ruſt to the Soule:* ſhee riſes therefore with *Chaunticleare*, her Dames Cocke, and at night makes the *Lambe* her *Corfew*. In milking a Cow, and ſtrayning the Teates through her fingers, it ſeemes that ſo ſweet a Milke-preſſe makes the Milke the whiter, or ſweeter; for neuer came *Almond Glowe* or *Aromatique Oyntment* on her Palme to taint it. The golden eares of corne fall and kiſſe her feete when ſhee reapes them, as if they wiſht to bee bound and led priſoners by the ſame hand fell'd them. Her breath is her owne, which ſents all the yeere long of *Iune*, like a new made Hay-cocke. Shee makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart ſoft with pitty: and when winter euenings fall early (ſitting at her merry wheele) ſhee ſings a defiance to the giddie *wheele of Fortune*. She doth all things with ſo ſweet a grace, it ſeemes *ignorance* will not ſuffer her to doe ill, being

being her minde is to doe well. Shee beſtowes her yeares wages at next faire; and in chooſing her Garments, counts no brauery i'th' world like decencie. The *Garden* and *Bee-hiue* are all her *Phyſicke* and *Chyrurgerie*, and ſhee liues the longer for't. Shee dares goe alone, and vnfold ſheepe i'th' night, and feares no manner of ill, becauſe ſhee meanes none: yet to ſay truth, ſhe is neuer alone, for ſhee is ſtill accompanied with old *ſongs*, *honeſt thoughts*, and *prayers*, but ſhort ones; yet they haue their efficacy, in that they are not pauled with inſuing idle cogitations. Laſtly, her dreames are ſo chaſte, that ſhee dare tell them: onely a Fridaies dreame is all her *ſuperſtition*: that ſhee conceales for feare of anger. Thus liues ſhee, and all her care is ſhee may die in the *Spring-time*, to haue ſtore of flowers ſtucke vpon her winding ſheet.

An

An Arrant Horſe-courſer

HAth the tricke to blow vp Horſe-fleſh, as a Butcher doth Veale, which ſhall waſh out againe in twice riding twixt *Waltham* and *London*. The Trade of Spurre-making had decayed long ſince, but for this vngodly tyre-man. He is curſt all ouer the foure ancient High-waies of England; none but the blind men that ſell ſwitches i'th' Road are beholding to him. His Stable is fill'd with ſo many Diſeaſes, one would thinke moſt part about Smithfield were an Hoſpitall for Horſes, or a ſlaughter-houſe of the common hunt. Let him furniſh you with a Hackney, 'tis as much as if the Kings Warrant ouertooke you within ten miles to ſtay your iourney. And though a man cannot ſay, hee cozens you directly; yet any Oſtler within ten miles, ſhould hee be

be brought vpon his Booke-oath, will affirme hee hath layd a bayt for you. Reſolue when you firſt ſtretch your ſelfe in the ſtirrops, you are put as it were vpon ſome Vſurer, that will neuer beare with you paſt his day. Hee were good to make one that had the Collicke alight often, and (if example will cauſe him) make vrine; let him only for that ſay, *Gr'amercy Horſe.* For his ſale of horſes, hee hath falſe couers for all manner of Diſeaſes, onely comes ſhort of one thing (which hee deſpaires not vtterly to bring to perfection) to make a horſe goe on a woodden legge and two crutches. For powdring his eares with Quickſiluer, and giuing him ſuppoſitories of liue Eeles he's expert. All the while you are a cheaping hee feares you will not bite; but hee laughs in his ſleeue when hee hath cozened you in earneſt. French-men are his beſt Chapmen, hee keepes amblers for them on purpoſe, and knowes hee can deceiue them very eaſily. Hee is ſo conſtant to his Trade,

that while hee is awake, he tires any man he talkes with, and when hee's asleepe he dreames very fearefully of the pauing of Smithfield, for hee knowes it would founder his occupation.

A Roaring Boy.

HIs life is a meere counterfet Patent: which neuertheleſſe, makes many a Countrey Iuſtice tremble. *Don Quixotes Water Milles* are ſtill Scotch Bagpipes to him. Hee ſends Challenges by word of mouth: for hee proteſts (as hee is a Gentleman and a brother of the Sword) hee can neither write nor read. He hath runne through diuers parcels of Land, and great houſes, beſide both the Counters. If any priuate quarrell happen among our great Courtiers, hee proclaimes the *buſineſſe*, that's the word, the *buſineſſe*; as if the vnited forces of the *Romiſh Catholickes*

tholickes wete making vp for *Germany*. Hee cheats young Guls that are newly come to Towne; and when the keeper of the Ordinary blames him for it, hee anſwers him in his owne Profeſſion, that a *Woodcocke* muſt bee pluckt ere hee bee dreſt. Hee is a *Superuiſor* to Brothels, and in them is a more vnlawfull reformer of vice, then Prentiſes on Shroue-tueſday. Hee loues his Friend, as a Counſellor at Law loues the veluet Breeches hee was firſt made Barreſter in, hee'll be ſure to weare him threed-bare ere hee forſake him. He ſleepes with a Tobacco-pipe in's mouth; and his firſt praier i'th' morning is, hee may remember whom he fell out with ouer night. *Soldier* hee is none, for hee cannot diſtinguiſh 'tweene *Onion ſeede* and *Gunpowder*: if he haue worne it in his hollow tooth for the Tooth-ach, and ſo come to the knowledge of it, that's all. The Tenure by which he holds his meanes is an eſtate at Will; and that's borrowing. Land-lords haue but foure

Quarter-daies; but hee three hundred and odde. Hee keepes very good *Company*; yet is a man of no *reckoning*: and when he goes not drunke to bed, hee is very ſicke next morning. Hee commonly dies like *Anacreon*, with a Grape in's throat; or *Hercules*, with fire in's marrow. And I haue heard of ſome (that haue ſcap't hanging) begg'd for *Anatomies*, onely to deterre men from taking *Tobacco*.

A Drunken Dutch-man reſident in England

IS but Quarter-Maſter with his wife, Hee ſtinkes of Butter, as if hee were noynted all ouer for the Itch. Let him come ouer neuer ſo leane, and plant him but one Moneth neere the Brew-houſes in *S. Catherines*, and hee'l bee puft vp to your hand like a bloat Herring. Of all places of pleaſure, hee loues

loues a Common Garden, and (with the Swine of the Pariſh) had neede bee ringed for rooting. Next to theſe hee effects Lotteries naturally; and bequeathes the beſt prize in his Will aforehand; when his hope fall, hee's blanke. They ſwarme in great Tenements like flies: ſixe Houſeholds will liue in a Garret. Hee was wont (onely to make vs fooles) to buy the Fox skin for three pence, and ſell the taile for a ſhilling. Now his new Trade of brewing Strong-waters makes a number of mad-men. Hee loues a Welch-man extreamely for his Diet and Orthography; that is, for plurality of conſonants and cheeſe. Like a Horſe, hee's onely guided by the mouth: when hee's drunke, you may thruſt your hand into him like an Eele-skinne, and ſtrip him, his inſide outwards. Hee hoordes vp faire gold, and pretends 'tis to ſeethe in his Wiues broth for a conſumption, and loues the memory of King *Henry* the 8. moſt eſpecially for his old Soueraignes.

Hee sayes wee are vnwise to lament the decay of Timber in England: for all manner of buildings or Fortification whatsoeuer, hee desires no other thing in the world, then Barrels and Hop-poles. To conclude, the onely two plagues he trembles at, is small Beere, and the Spanish Inquisition.

A Phantastique.

An Improuident young Gallant.

THere is a confederacy betweene him and his clothes, to bee made a puppy: view him well, and you'l say his Gentry sits as ill vpon him, as if he had bought it with his penny. He hath more places to send money to, then the Deuill hath to send his Spirits: and to furnish each Mistrisse, would make him runne besides his wits, if hee had any to lose. Hee accounts bashfulnesse the wickedst

wickedſt thing in the world; and therefore ſtudies Impudence. If all men were of his minde, all honeſty would be out of faſhion: hee withers his Cloathes on the Stage, as a Sale-man is for'ct to doe his ſutes in Birchin-lane; and when the Play is done, if you marke his riſing, 'tis with a kinde of walking Epilogue betweene the two candles, to know if his Suite may paſſe for currant: hee ſtudies by the diſcretion of his Barber, to frizle like a Baboone: three ſuch would keepe three the nimbleſt Barbers in the towne, from euer hauing leiſure to weare net-Garters: for when they haue to doe with him, they haue many Irons in th'fire. He is trauelled, but to little purpoſe; onely went ouer for a ſquirt, and came backe againe, yet neuer the more mended in his conditions, 'cauſe hee carried himſelfe along with him: a Scholler hee pretends himſelfe, and ſayes he hath ſweat for it: but the truth is, he knowes *Cornelius*, farre better than *Tacitus*: his ordinary ſports

are Cock-fights; but the moſt frequent, horſe raſes, from whence hee comes home drie-foundred. Thus when his purſe hath caſt her calfe, hee goes downe into the Country, where he is brought to milke and white cheeſe like the *Switzers*.

A BVTTON-MAKER of Amſterdam,

IS one that is fled ouer from his *Conſcience*; and left his wife and children vpon the Pariſh. For his knowledge, hee is meerely a *Horne-booke* without a *Chriſt-croſſe* afore it, and his zeale conſiſts much in hanging his Bible in a Dutch button: hee cozens men in the purity of his cloathes: and twas his only ioy when hee was on this ſide, to bee in Priſon: hee cryes out tis impoſſible for any man to be damn'd, that liues in his Religion, and his equiuocation is true:

true: ſo long as a man liues in't, he cannot; but if he die in't, there's the queſtion. Of all Feaſts in the yeere, hee accounts S. *Georges* Feaſt the prophaneſt, becauſe of S. *Georges* Croſſe, yet ſometimes he doth *ſacrifice* to his owne belly; prouided, that hee put off the Wake of his owne natiuity, or wedding, till *good Friday*. If there bee a great feaſt in the Towne, though moſt of the wicked (as he cals them) be there, he will be ſure to be a gueſt, and to out-eat ſixe of the fatteſt *Burgers*: hee thinkes, though hee may not pray with a *Iew*, hee may eat with a *Iew*: he winkes when hee prayes, and thinks he knowes the way ſo now to heauen, that hee can finde it blindefold. Latine hee accounts the language of the *Beaſt* with ſeuen heads; and when hee ſpeakes of his owne Countrey, cries hee is fled out of *Babel*. Laſtly, his deuotion is *Obſtinacy*; the onely ſolace of his heart, *Contradiction*; and his maine end *Hypocriſie*.

A diſtaſter

A diſtaſter of the Time

IS a *Winter Graſhopper* al the yeere long that lookes backe vpon *Harueſt*, with a leane paire of cheekes, neuer ſets forward to meet it: his malice ſackes vp the greateſt part of his owne venome, and therewith empoyſoneth himſelfe: and this ſickeneſſe riſes rather of *ſelfe-opinion, or ouer-great expectation*; ſo in the conceit of his owne ouer-worthineſſe, like a *Coiſtrell*, hee ſtriues to fill himſelfe with winde, and flies againſt it. Any mans aduancement is the moſt capitall offence that can bee to his malice: yet this enuy, like *Phalaris Bull*, makes that a torment, firſt for himſelfe, he prepared for others: he is a *Day-bed for the Deuill* to ſlumber on; his bloud is of a yellowiſh colour: like thoſe that haue beene bitten by *Vipers*; and his gaule flowes as thicke in him as oyle, in a poiſon'd ſtomacke.

macke. He infects all ſocietie, as thunder ſowers wine: warre or peace, dearth or plenty, make him equally diſcontented. And where hee findes no cauſe to taxe the State, he deſcends to raile againſt the rate of Salt-butter. His wiſhes are *whirle-windes*; which breath'd forth, returne into himſelfe, and make him a moſt giddy and tottering veſſell. When he is awake, and goes abroad, hee doth but walke in his ſleepe, for his viſitation is directed to none; his buſineſſe is nothing. He is often dumbe-madde, and goes fetter'd in his owne entrailes. Religion is commonly his pretence of diſcontent, though he can be of all religions; therefore truely of none. Thus by vnnaturallizing himſelfe, ſome would thinke him a very dangerous fellow to the State, but hee is not greatly to bee fear'd: for this deiection of his, is onely like a rogue that goes on his knees and elbowes in the mire, to further his begging.

A meere

A meere Fellow of an Houſe

EXamines all mens carriage but his owne; and is ſo kinde natured to himſelfe, he findes faults with all mens but his owne. Hee weares his apparell much after the faſhion; his meanes will not ſuffer him come too nigh: they afford him *Mock-veluet*, or *Satiniſco*; but not without the Colledges next leaſes acquaintance: his inſide is of the ſelfe ſame faſhion, not rich: but as it reflects from the glaſſe of ſelfe-liking, there *Cræſus* is *Irus* to him. He is a *Pedant* in ſhew, though his title be *Tutor*; and his *Pupils*, in broader phraſe, are *ſchoole-boyes*. On theſe hee ſpends the falſe gallop of his tongue; and with ſenſeleſſe diſcourſe towes them along, not out of ignorance. He ſhews them the rinde, conceales the ſap: by this meanes he keepes them the longer, himſelfe the better. Hee hath learnt to cough, and ſpit, and blow his noſe

noſe at euery period, to recouer his memory: and ſtudies chiefely to ſet his eies and beard to a new forme of learning. His Religion lies in waite for the inclination of his Patron; neither ebbes nor flowes, but iuſt ſtanding water, betweene *Proteſtant* and *Puritane*. His dreames are of plurality of Benefices and Non-reſidency; and when he riſes, acts a long Grace to his looking glaſſe. Againſt he comes to be ſome great mans Chaplaine, hee hath a habit of boldneſſe, though a very Coward. He ſpeakes ſwords, Fights *Ergo's*: His paſe on foot is a meaſure; on horſebacke a gallop: for his legs are his owne, though horſe and ſpurres are borrowed. He hath leſſe vſe then poſſeſſion of Bookes. Hee is not ſo proud, but he will cal the meaneſt Author by his name; nor ſo vnskill'd in the Heraldry of a ſtudy, but he knowes each mans place. So ends that fellowſhip and beginnes another.

A meere Petyfogger

IS *one of Sampſons foxes:* Hee ſets men together by the eares, more ſhamefully than *Pillories*; and in a long vacation his ſport is to goe a Fiſhing *with the Penall ſtatutes.* Hee cannot erre before Iudgement, and then you ſee it, onely *writs of error* are the *Tarters* that keepe his *Client* vndoing ſomewhat the longer. Hee is a veſtrie-man in his Pariſh, and eaſily ſets his neighbours at variance with the *Vicar* when his wicked *councell* on both ſides is like weapons put into mens hands by a *Fencer*, whereby they get blowes, hee money. His honeſty and learning bring him to *Vnder-ſhriſe ſhip*; which hauing thriſe runne through, hee do's not feare the *Lieutenant* a'th' Shire: nay more, hee feares not God. *Cowardiſe* holds him a good Common wealthes man; his penne is the plough, and parchment the Soyle,

Soyle, whence hee reapes both Coyne and Curſes. Hee is an *Earthquake*, that willingly will let no ground lye in quiet. Broken titles make him whole; to haue halfe in the County breake their Bonds, were the onely liberty of conſcience: Hee would wiſh (though hee be a *Browniſt*) no neighbour of his ſhould pay his tithes duly, if ſuch Sutes held continuall Plea at *Weſtminſter*. Hee cannot away with the reuerend Seruice in our Church, becauſe it ends with *The peace of God*. Hee loues blowes extreamely, and hath his *Chyrurgians* bill of all rates, from head to foot, to incenſe the furie: hee would not giue away his yeerely beatings for a good peece of money. He makes his Will in forme of a Law-cauſe, full of quiddits, that his friends after his death (if for nothing elſe, yet) for the vexation of Law, may haue cauſe to remember him. And if hee thought the Ghoſts of men did walke againe (as they report in time of Poperie) ſure he would hide

hide ſome ſingle money in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, that his ſpirit might haunt there. Onely with this, I will pitch him o're the Barre, and leaue him; That his fingers itch after a Bribe, euer ſince his firſt practiſing of Court-hand.

An Ingroſſer of Corne.

THere is no vermine in the Land like him; hee ſlanders both Heauen and Earth with pretended Dearths, when there's no cauſe of ſcarſity. His hoording in a deere yeere, is like *Erifictbons* Bowels in *Ouid*: *Quodque vrbibus eſſe, quodque ſatis poterat populo, non ſufficit vni.* Hee prayes daily for more incloſures, and knows no reaſon in his Religion, why we ſhould call our fore-fathers dayes, *The time of ignorance*, but onely becauſe they ſold Wheat for twelue pence a buſhell. He wiſhes that *Danske* were at the *Molocos*;

cos; and had rather be certaine of ſome forraine inuaſion, then of the ſetting vp of the Stilyard. When his barnes and garners are full (if it be a time of dearth) he will buy halfe a buſhell i'th' Market to ſerue his Houſhold: and winnowes his Corne in the night, leſt, as the Chaffe throwne vpon the water, ſhew'd plenty in Ægypt; ſo his (carried by the wind) ſhould proclaime his abundance. No painting pleaſes him ſo well, as *Pharaohs* dreame of the ſeuen leane Kine, that ate vp the fat ones; that he has in his Parlour, which hee will deſcribe to you like a motion, and his comment ends with a ſmothered prayer for the like ſcarſity. Hee cannot away with Tobacco; for hee is perſwaded (and not much amiſſe) that tis a ſparer of breadcorne; which hee could finde in's heart to tranſport without Licence: but weighing the penaltie, hee growes mealy-mouth'd, and dares not. Sweet ſmels he cannot abide; wiſhes that the pure aire were generally corrupted:

nay that the ſpring had loſt her fragrancy for euer, or wee our ſuperfluous ſenſe of ſmelling (as hee tearmes it) that his corne might not bee found muſtie. The Poore he accounts the Iuſtices intelligencers, and cannot abide them: he complaines of our negligence of diſcouering new parts of the World, only to ridde them from our Climate. His Sonne, by a certaine kinde of inſtinct, he bindes Prentiſe to a Taylor, who all the terme of his Indenture hath a deare yeare in's belly, and rauins bread extremely: when he comes to be a freeman (if it be a Dearth) he marries him to a Bakers daughter.

A Deuilliſh Vſurer

IS ſowed as *Cummin* or *Hemp ſeede*, with curſes; and he thinkes he thriues the better. Hee is better read in the *Penall Statutes*, then the Bible; and his euill Angell perſwades him, hee ſhall ſooner

ſooner be ſaued by them. Hee can bee no mans friend; for all men hee hath moſt intereſt in, hee vndo's: and a double-dealer hee is certainly; for by his good will he euer takes the forfeit. Hee puts his money to the vnnaturall Act of generation; and his Scriuener is the ſuperuiſor Bawd to't. Good Deeds he loues none, but Seal'd and Deliuered; nor doth he wiſh any thing to thriue in the Countrey, but Bee-hiues; for they make him waxe rich. Hee hates all but Law-Latine; yet thinkes he might bee drawne to loue a Scholler, could hee reduce the yeere to a ſhorter compaſſe, that his vſe-money might come in the faſter: he ſeems to be the ſon of a Iaylor, for all his eſtate is moſt heauie and cruell bonds. He doth not giue, but ſell daies of payment; and thoſe at the rate of a mans vndoing: he doth onely feare, the day of Iudgement ſhould fall ſooner, than the paiment of ſome great ſum of money due to him: hee remoues his lodging when a ſubſidie comes; and if

hee be found out, and pay it, hee grumbles Treason; but tis in such a deformed silence, as Witches raise their Spirits in. Grauity hee pretends in all things, but in his priuate Whore; for hee will not in a hundreth pound take one light sixe-pence; and it seemes hee was at *Tilbury Campe*, for you must not tell him of a *Spaniard*. Hee is a man of no conscience; for (like the *Iakes-farmer* that swounded with going into Bucklersbury) hee fals into a cold sweat, if hee but looke into the Chauncerie: thinkes in his Religion, wee are in the right for euery thing, if that were abolisht: hee hides his money as if hee thought to finde it againe at last day, and then begins old trade with it. His clothes plead prescription; and whether they or his body are more rotten, is a question: yet should hee liue to bee hang'd in them, this good they would doe him, The very Hangman would pittie his case. The Table hee keepes is able to starue twenty tall men; his ser-

uants

uants haue not their liuing, but their dying from him, and that's of Hunger. A ſpare diet he commends in all men, but himſelfe: hee comes to Cathedrals onely for loue of the ſinging boyes, becauſe they looke hungry. Hee likes our Religion beſt, becauſe tis beſt cheape; yet would faine allow of Purgatorie, 'cauſe 'twas of his Trade, and brought in ſo much money: his heart goes with the ſame ſnaphance his purſe doth, tis ſeldome open to any man: friendſhip hee accounts but a word without any ſignification; nay, he loues all the world ſo little, that, and it were poſſible, hee would make himſelfe his owne Executor: for certaine, hee is made Adminiſtrator to his owne good name while he is in perfect memorie, for that dies long afore him; but he is ſo farre from being at the charge of a Funerall for it, that hee lets it ſtinke aboue ground. In concluſion, for Neighbourhood, you were better dwell by a contentious Lawyer. And for his death, tis rather

Surfet, the Pox, or deſpaire, for ſeldome ſuch as he die of Gods making, as honeſt men ſhould doe.

A Water-man

IS one that hath learnt to ſpeake well of himſelfe; for alwaies hee names himſelfe, *The firſt Man*. If he had betane himſelfe to ſome richer Trade, hee could not haue chos'd but done well: for in this (though it bee a meane one) he is ſtill plying it, and putting himſelfe forward. He is euermore telling ſtrange newes; moſt commonly lies. If he bee a Sculler, aske him if hee bee married, hee'l equiuocate and ſweare hee's a ſingle man. Little truſt is to bee giuen to him, for he thinkes that day he does beſt when hee fetches moſt men ouer. His daily labour teaches him the Arte of diſſembling; for like a fellow that rides to the Pillorie, he goes not that way hee lookes:

lookes: hee keepes such a bawling at *Westminster*, that if the Lawyers were not acquainted with it, an order would be tane with him. When he is vpon the water, hee is Fare-company: when he comes a shore, he mutinies; and contrary to all other trades, is most surly to Gentlemen, when they tender payment. The Play-houses only keepe him sober; and as it doth many other Gallants, make him an afternoones man. London-Bridge is the most terriblest eye-sore to him that can bee. And to conclude, nothing but a *great Presse*, makes him flye from the Riuer; nor any thing, but a great *Frost*, can teach him any good manners.

A reuerend Iudge

IS one that desires to haue his greatnes, only measur'd by his goodnesse: his care is to appeare such to the people, as he would haue them be; and to be himselfe such as hee appeares; for vertue cannot seeme one thing, and bee another: hee knowes that the hill of greatnesse yeeldes a most delightfull prospect, but withall that it is most subiect to lightning, and thunder: and that the people, as in ancient *Tragedies*, sit and censure the actions of those are in authority: hee squares his owne therefore, that they may farre bee aboue their pity: hee wishes fewer Lawes, so they were better obseru'd: and for those are Mulctuarie, hee vnderstands their institution not to bee like briers or springes, to catch euery thing they lay hold of; but like Sea-markes (on our dangerous *Goodwin*) to auoid the shipwracke

wracke of ignorant paſſengers: hee hates to wrong any man; neither hope, nor deſpaire of preferment can draw him to ſuch an exigent: he thinkes himſelfe then moſt honourably ſeated, when hee giues mercy the vpper hand: hee rather ſtriues to purchaſe good name then land; and of all rich ſtuffes forbidden by the Statute, loathes to haue his Followers weare their cloathes cut out of bribes and extortions. If his Prince call him to higher place, there hee deliuers his minde plainely, and freely, knowing for truth, there is no place wherein diſſembling ought to haue leſſe credit, than in a Princes Councell. Thus honour keepes peace with him to the graue, and doth not (as with many) there forſake him, and goe backe with the Heralds: but fairely ſits ore him, and broods out of his memory, many right excellent Common-wealths men.

Aver-

A vertuous Widdow

IS the Palme-tree, that thriues not after the ſupplanting of her huſband. For her childrens ſake ſhee firſt marries, for ſhee married that ſhee might haue children, and for their ſakes ſhee marries no more. Shee is like the pureſt gold, onely employed for Princes meddals, ſhee neuer receiues but one mans impreſſion; the large ioynture mooues her not, titles of honor cannot ſway her. To change her name, were (ſhe thinkes) to commit a ſinne ſhould make her aſham'd of her huſbands calling; ſhee thinkes ſhe hath traueld all the world in one man; the reſt of her time therefore ſhee directs to heauen. Her maine ſuperſtition is, ſhee thinks her huſbands ghoſt would walke, ſhould ſhe not performe his Will: ſhee would doe it, were there no Prerogatiue Court. Shee giues much to pious vſes, without any hope

to

to merit by them: and as one Diamond faſhions another, ſo is ſhee wrought into workes of Charity, with the duſt or aſhes of her huſband. Shee liues to ſee her ſelfe full of time; being ſo neceſſary for earth, God calls her not to heauen, till ſhee bee very aged: and euen then, though her naturall ſtrength faile her, ſhe ſtands like an ancient *Pyramid*; which the leſſe it growes to mans eye, the neerer it reaches to heauen: this latter Chaſtity of Hers, is more graue and reuerend, then that ere ſhee was married; for in it is neither hope, nor longing, nor feare, nor iealouſie. Shee ought to bee a mirrour for our youngeſt Dames, to dreſſe themſelues by, when ſhee is fulleſt of wrinckles. No calamity can now come neere her, for in ſuffering the loſſe of her husband, ſhee accounts all the reſt trifles: ſhee hath laid his dead body in the worthieſt monument that can bee: Shee hath buried it in her owne heart. To conclude, ſhee is a Relique, that without any ſuperſti-

tion

tion in the world, though she will not be kist, yet may be reuerenc't.

An ordinary Widdow

IS like the Heralds Hearse-cloth; she serues to many funerals, with a very little altering the colour. The end of her Husband begins in teares; and the end of her teares beginnes in a Husband. Shee vses to cunning women to know how many Husbands shee shall haue, and neuer marries without the consent of sixe mid-wiues. Her chiefest pride is in the multitude of her Suitors; and by them shee gaines: for one serues to draw on another, and with one at last shee shootes out another, as Boyes doe Pellets in Elderne Gunnes. She commends to them a single life, as Horsecoursers doe their Iades, to put them away. Her fancy is to one of the biggest of the Guard, but Knighthood makes

makes her draw in a weaker Bow. Her ſeruants or kinsfolke, are the Trumpeters that ſummon any to this combate; by them ſhe gaines much credit, but loſeth it againe in the old Prouerbe: *Fama eſt mendax.* If ſhe liue to be thrice married, ſhee ſeldome failes to cozen her ſecond Husbands Creditours. A Church-man ſhee dare not venture vpon; for ſhee hath heard widdowes complaine of dilapidations: nor a Souldier, though hee haue Candle-rents in the City, for his eſtate may bee ſubiect to fire: very ſeldome a Lawyer, without hee ſhew his exceeding great practiſe, and can make her caſe the better: but a Knight with the old rent may doe much, for a great comming in is all in all with a Widdow: euer prouided, that moſt part of her Plate and Iewels (before the wedding) lie conceal'd with her Scriuener. Thus like a too-ripe Apple, ſhee falles of her ſelfe: but hee that hath her, is Lord but of a filthy purchaſe, for the title is

crack't,

crack't. Laſtly, while ſhee is a widdow, obſerue euer, ſhe is no Morning woman: the euening, a good fire, and ſacke, may make her liſten to a Husband: and if euer ſhee bee made ſure, tis vpon a full ſtomacke to bed-ward.

A Quackſaluer

IS a Mountebanke of a larger bill then a Taylor; if hee can but come by names enow of Diſeaſes, to ſtuffe it with, tis all the skill hee ſtudies for. Hee tooke his firſt being from a Cunning woman, and ſtole this blacke Art from her while hee made her Sea-coale fire. All the diſeaſes euer ſinne brought vpon man, doth he pretend to bee Curer of; when the truth is, his maine cunning is Corne-cutting. A great plague makes him; what with rayling againſt ſuch, as leaue their cures for feare of infection, and in friendly breaking

king Cakebread, with the Fiſh-wiues at Funerals, hee vtters a moſt abominable deale of muſty *Carduus-water*, and the Conduits cry out, All the learned Doctors may caſt their Caps at him. Hee parts ſtakes with ſome Apothecary in the Suburbes, at whoſe houſe hee lies: and though he be neuer ſo familiar with his wife, the Apothecary dare not (for the richeſt horne in his ſhop) diſpleaſe him. All the Mid-wiues in the Towne are his intelligencers; but Nurſes and young Marchants Wiues (that would faine conceiue with childe) theſe are his Idolaters. Hee is a more vniuſt Boneſetter, then a Dice-maker; hath put out more eyes then the ſmall Pox; made more deafe then the *Cataracts* of *Nilus*; lamed more then the Gout; ſhrunke more ſinewes, then one that makes Bowſtrings; and kild more idly, then Tobacco. A Magiſtrate that had any way ſo noble a ſpirit, as but to loue a good horſe well, would not ſuffer him to be a Farrier. His diſcourſe is vomit; and his ignorance;

rance, the ſtrongeſt purgation in the world: to one that would be ſpeedily cured, hee hath more delayes, and doubles then a Hare, or a Law-ſuit: he ſeekes to ſet vs at variance with nature, and rather then hee ſhall want diſeaſes he'le beget them. His eſpeciall practiſe (as I ſaid afore) is vpon women; labours to make their mindes ſicke, ere their bodies feele it, and then there's worke for the Dog-leach. Hee pretends the cure of madmen; and ſure he gets moſt by them, for no man in his perfect wit would meddle with him. Laſtly, hee is ſuch a Iuggler with Vrinals, ſo dangerouſly vnskilfull, that if euer the City will haue recourſe to him for diſeaſes that need purgation, let them employ him in ſcouring *Moreditch.*

A Canting

A Canting Rogue.

THis not vnlikely but hee was begot by ſome Intelligencer vnder a hedge; for his minde is wholly giuen to trauell. Hee is not troubled with making of Ioyntures: hee can diuorce himſelfe without the fee of a Proctor, nor feares he the cruelty of ouerſeers of his Will. He leaues his children all the world to Cant in, and all the people to their fathers. His Language is a Conſtant tongue; the Northerne ſpeech differs from the South, Welſh from the Corniſh: but Canting is generall, nor euer could bee altered by conqueſt of the *Saxon*, *Dane*, or *Norman*. Hee will not beg out of his limit though hee ſterue; nor breake his oath if hee ſweare by his *Salomon*, though you hang him: and hee payes his cuſtome as truely to his Grand Rogue, as tribute is paid to the great Turke. The

March Sunne breedes agues in others, but hee adores it like the *Indians*; for then beginnes his progreſſe after a hard winter. Oſtlers cannot endure him, for hee is of the infantry, and ſerues beſt on foot. He offends not the Statute againſt the exceſſe of apparell, for hee will goe naked, and counts it a voluntary pennance. Forty of them lie in a Barne together, yet are neuer ſued vpon the Statute of Inmates. If he were learned, no man could make a better deſcription of *England*; for he hath trauel'd it ouer and ouer. Laſtly, hee brags, that his great houſes are repair'd to his hands, when Churches go to ruine: and thoſe are priſons.

A French

A French Cooke.

HE learnt his trade in a Towne of Gariſon neere famiſh't, where he practiſed to make a little goe far; ſome driue it from more antiquity, and ſay *Adam* (when he pickt ſallets) was of his occupation. He doth not feede the belly, but the Palate: and though his command lie in the kitchin (which is but an inferiour place) yet ſhall you finde him a very ſawcy companion. Euer ſince the warres in *Naples*, he hath ſo minc't the ancient and bountifull allowance, as if his Nation ſhould keepe a perpetuall diet. The Seruingmen call him the laſt relique of Popery, that makes men faſt againſt their Conſcience. Hee can bee truely ſaid to be no mans fellow but his Maſters: for the reſt of his ſeruants are ſtarued by him. He is the prime cauſe why Noblemen build their houſes

ſo great, for the ſmaleneſſe of their Kitchin, makes the houſe the bigger: and the Lord cals him his Alchymiſt that can extract gold out of hearbes, rootes, muſhroomes, or any thing: that which he dreſſes wee may rather call a drinking, then a meale; yet is he ſo full of variety, that hee brags, and truely, that hee giues you but a taſt of what he can doe: he dare not for his life come among the Butchers; for ſure they would quarter and bake him after the Engliſh faſhion; hee's ſuch an enemy to Beefe and Mutton.

To conclude, hee were onely fit to make a funerall feaſt, where men ſhould eat their victuals in mourning.

A Sexton

A Sexton

IS an ill-willer to humane nature. Of all Prouerbes, hee cannot endure to heare that which ſaies Wee ought to liue by the quicke, not by the dead. Hee could willingly all his life time bee confinde to the Church-yard; at leaſt within fiue foote on't: for at euery Church ſtile, commonly ther's an Alehouſe; where let him bee found neuer ſo idle pated, hee is ſtill a graue drunkard. Hee breakes his faſt heartilieſt while hee is making a graue, and ſayes the opening of the ground makes him hungry. Though one would take him to be a ſlouen, yet hee loues cleane linnen extreamely, and for that reaſon takes an order that fine holland ſheetes bee not made wormes meate. Like a Nation cald the *Cuſani*, he weeps when any are borne, and laughes when they die: the reaſon; hee goes by Burials

not Christnings: he will hold argument in a Tauerne ouer Sacke, till the Diall and himselfe be both at a stand: hee neuer obserues any time but Sermon time, and there hee sleepes by the houreglasse. The Rope-maker payes him a pension, and hee paies tribute to the Physician; for the Physician makes worke for the Sexton; as the Rope-maker for the Hang-man. Lastly, he wishes the Dog-daies would last all yeere long: and a great plague is his yeere of Iubile.

A Iesuite

IS a larger Spoone for a Traytour to feed with the Deuill, then any other Order: vnclaspe him, and hee's a gray Wolfe, with a golden Starre in the fore-head: so superstitiously hee followes the Pope, that hee forsakes Christ, in not giuing *Cæsar* his due. His vowes seeme heauenly; but in medling with

with State-buſineſſe, hee ſeemes to mixe heauen and earth together. His beſt Elements, are Confeſſion and Penance: by the firſt, hee findes out mens inclinations; and by the latter, heapes wealth to his Seminary. Hee ſprang from *Ignatius Loyola*, a *Spaniſh* Souldier; and though hee were found out long ſince the inuention of the Canon, 'tis thought he hath not done leſſe miſchiefe. Hee is a halfe Key to open Princes Cabinets, and pry into their Counſels; and where the Popes excommunication thunders, hee holds it no more ſinne the decrowning of Kings, then our Puritanes doe the ſuppreſſion of Biſhops. His Order is full of all irregularitie and diſobedience; ambitious aboue all meaſure; for of late daies, in *Portugall* and the *Indies*, he reiected the name of Ieſuit, and would be called Diſciple. In *Rome*, and other Countries that giue him freedome, hee weares a Maske vpon his heart; in England he ſhifts it, and puts it vpon his face. No place in our Cli-

mate hides him ſo ſecurely as a Ladies Chamber: the modeſty of the *Purſeuant* hath onely forborne the bed, and ſo miſt him. There is no Diſeaſe in Chriſtendome, that may ſo properly be call'd *The Kings Euill.* To conclude, would you know him beyond Sea? In his Seminary, hee's a Foxe; but in the Inquiſition, a Lion Rampant.

An excellent Actor.

WHatſoeuer is commendable in the graue Orator, is moſt exquiſitly perfect in him; for by a full and ſignificant action of body, he charmes our attention: ſit in a full Theater, and you will thinke you ſee ſo many lines drawne from the circumference of ſo many eares, whiles the *Actor* is the *Center.* He doth not ſtriue to make nature monſtrous, ſhee is often ſeene in the ſame Scene with him, but neither

neither on Stilts nor Crutches; and for his voice tis not lower then the prompter; nor lowder then the Foile and Target. By his action hee fortifies morall precepts with example; for what wee see him personate, wee thinke truely done before vs: a man of a deepe thought might apprehend, the Ghosts of our ancient *Heroes* walk't againe, and take him (at seuerall times) for many of them. Hee is much affected to painting, and tis a question whether that make him an excellent Player, or his playing an exquisite Painter. Hee addes grace to the Poets labours: for what in the Poet is but ditty, in him is both ditty and musicke. He entertaines vs in the best leasure of our life, that is betweene meales, the most vnfit time either for studie or bodily exercise. The flight of Hawkes and chase of wilde beasts, either of them are delights noble: but some thinke this sport of men the worthier, despight all *calumny*. All men haue beene of his occupation: and indeed,

deed, what hee doth fainedly, that doe others essentially: this day one playes a Monarch, the next a priuate person. Here one acts a Tyrant, on the morrow an Exile: A Parasite this man to night, to morrow a Precisian, and so of diuers others. I obserue, of all men liuing, a worthy Actor in one kinde is the strongest motiue of affection that can be: for when hee dies, wee cannot be perswaded any man can doe his parts like him. But to conclude, I value a worthy Actor by the corruption of some few of the quality, as I would doe gold in the oare; I should not minde the drosse but the purity of the mettall.

A Franklin.

A Franklin.

HIs outside is an ancient Yeoman of England, though his inside may giue armes (with the best Gentleman) and ne're see the Herald. There is no truer seruant in the house then himselfe. Though he bee Master he sayes not to his seruants, goe to field, but let vs goe; and with his owne eye, doth both fatten his flocke, and set forward all manner of husbandrie. Hee is taught by nature to bee contented with a little; his owne fold yeelds him both food and rayment: hee is pleas'd with any nourishment God sends whilest curious gluttonie ransackes, as it were, *Noahs Arke* for food, onely to feed the riot of one meale. He is nere knowne to goe to Law; vnderstanding, to bee Law-bound among men, is like to bee hide-bound among his beasts; they thriue not vnder it: and that such men sleepe

ſleepe as vnquietly, as if their pillowes were ſtuſt with Lawyers pen-kniues. When hee builds, no poore Tenants cottage hinders his proſpect: they are indeed his Almeſ-houſes, though there be painted on them no ſuch ſuperſcription. Hee neuer ſits vp late, but when he hunts the Badger, the vowed foe of his Lambes: nor vſes hee any cruelty, but when he hunts the Hare, nor ſubtilty but when hee ſetteth ſnares for the Snite, or pitfals for the Blacke-bird; nor oppreſſion, but when in the moneth of Iuly, hee goes to the next riuer, and ſheares his ſheepe. Hee allowes of honeſt paſtime, and thinkes not the bones of the dead any thing bruiſed, or the worſe for it, though the country Laſſes dance in the Church-yard after Euen-ſong. Rocke-Monday, and the Wake in Summer, ſhrouings, the wakefull ketches on Chriſtmas Eue, the Hoky, or Seed-cake, theſe he yerely keeps, yet holds them no reliques of Popery. Hee is not ſo inquiſitiue after

newes

newes deriued from the priuie cloſet, when the finding an eiery of Haukes in his owne ground, or the foaling of a Colt come of a good ſtraine, are tydings more pleaſant, more profitable. He is Lord paramount within himſelfe, though hee hold by neuer ſo meane a Tenure; and dyes the more contentedly (though hee leaue his heire young) in regard hee leaues him not liable to a couetous Guardian. Laſtly, to end him; he cares not when his end comes; hee needes not feare his Audit, for his *Quietus* is in heauen.

A Rymer

IS a fellow whoſe face is hatcht all ouer with impudence, and ſhould he bee hang'd or pilloried tis armed for it. Hee is a Iuggler with words, yet practiſes the Art of moſt vncleanely con-

conueyance. Hee doth boggle very often; and becauſe himſelfe winkes at it, thinkes tis not perceiued: the maine thing that euer hee did, was the tune hee ſang to. There is nothing in the earth ſo pittifull, no not an Ape-carrier, he is not worth thinking of, and therefore I muſt leaue him as nature left him; a Dunghill not well layd together.

A couetous

A couetous man.

THis man would loue honor and adore God if there were an L. more in his name; He hath cophind vp his ſoule in his cheſts before his bodie; He could wiſh he were in *Mydas* his taking for hunger on condition he had his chymicall quality: At the grant of a new ſubſidie he would gladly hang himſelfe were it not for the charge of buying a Rope, and beginnes to take money vpon vſe when he heares of a priuie ſeale. His morning prayer is to ouer-looke his bagges, whoſe euery parcell begets his adoration. Then to his ſtudies, which are how to cozen this tenant, begger that Widdow, or to vndoe ſome Orphane. Then his bonds are viewed, the well-knowne dayes of payment con'de by heart, and if he euer pray, it is ſome one may breake his day, that the beloued forfeiture may bee obtained. His vſe is doubled, and no one ſixpence begot or borne,

borne but preſently by an vntimely thrift it is getting more. His chimney muſt not bee acquainted with fire for feare of miſchance, but if extremitie of cold pinch him hee gets him heat with looking on, and ſometime remooving his aged wood-pile which he meanes to leaue to many diſcents till it hath outliued all the woods of that countrey. He neuer ſpends candle but at Chriſtmas (when he has them for new-yeeres gifts) in hope that his ſeruants will breake glaſſes for want of light, which they doubly pay for in their wages; His actions are guilty of more crimes then any other mens thoughts, and hee conceiues no ſinne which hee dare not act ſaue onely luſt, from which he abſtaines for feare hee ſhould bee charged with keeping Baſtards: once a yeere he feaſts, the reliques of which meale ſhall ſerue him the next quarter. In his talke he rails againſt eating of breakefaſts, drinking betwixt meales, and ſweares he is impoueriſhed with paying of tithes. He had

rather

haue the frame of the world fall then the price of corne; If he chance to trauell he curſes his fortune that his place bindes him to ride, and his faithfull clokebag is ſure to take care for his prouiſion. His nights are as troubleſome as the dayes, euery Rat awakes him out of his vnquiet ſleepes; If he haue a Daughter to marry, he wiſhes he were in Hungary, or might follow the cuſtome of that Countrey, that all her portion might be a wedding Gowne. If hee fall ſicke, he had rather die a thouſand deaths then pay for any Phyſicke, and if hee might haue his choice, he would not goe to heauen but on condition hee may put money to vſe there. In fine, hee liues a drudge, dies a wretch, that leaues a heape of pelfe (which ſo many carefull hands had ſcraped together) to haſte after him to Hell, and by the way it lodges in a Lawyers purſe.

The proud man

IS one in whom pride is a quality that condemnes euery one beſides his Maſter, who when hee weares new cloaths thinkes himſelſe wrong'd if they be not obſeru'd, imitated, and his diſcretion in the choice of his faſhion and ſtuffe applauded: when he vouchſafes to bleſſe the ayre with his preſence, he goes as neere the wall as his Sattin ſuite will giue him leaue, and euery paſſenger hee viewes vnder the eie browes, to obſerue whether he vails his bonnet low enough which hee returnes with an Imperious Nod; He neuer ſalutes firſt, but his farewell is perpetuall. In his attire he is effeminate, euery haire knowes his owne ſtation, which if it chance to loſe, it is checkt in againe with his pocket combe. He had rather haue the whole Commonwealth out of order, then the leaſt member of his Muchatoe, and chooſes rather

ther to loſe his Patrimony then to haue his band rufled at a feaſt; if hee bee not placed in the higheſt ſeat, he eats nothing, howſoeuer hee drinks to no man, talkes with no man for feare of familiarity. He profeſſeth to keepe his ſtomacke for the Pheaſant or the Quaile, and when they come hee can eat little hee hath beene ſo cloyed with them that yeere, although they be the firſt he ſaw. In his diſcourſe he talkes of none but Priuie Counſellors, and is as prone to belie their acquaintance as he is a Ladies fauours: if he haue but twelue pence in his purſe, he will giue it for the beſt roome in a play-houſe; He goes to Sermons, onely to ſhew his cloathes, and if on other inferiour dayes he chance to meet his friend, he is ſorry he ſees him not in his beſt Suite.

A Priſon.

IT ſhould be Chriſts Hoſpitall: for moſt of your wealthy citizens are good benefactors to it; and yet it can hardly bee ſo, becauſe ſo few in it are kept vpon almes. Charities houſe and this are built many miles aſunder. One thing notwithſtanding is heere praiſe-worthy, for men in this perſecution cannot chuſe but proue good Chriſtians, in that they are a kinde of Martyrs and ſuffer for the truth. And yet it is ſo curſed a peece of land, that the ſonne is aſhamed to bee his fathers heire in it. It is an infected peſt-houſe all the yeare long: the plague ſores of the law are the diſeaſes heere hotly raigning. The Surgeons are Atturneyes and Pettifoggers, who kill more then they cure. *Lord haue mercy vpon vs*, may well ſtand ouer theſe doores, for debt is a moſt dangerous and catching City

peſti-

peſtilence. Some take this place for the walkes in Moorefields, (by reaſon the mad men are ſo neere) but the croſſes heere and there are not alike. No: it is not halfe ſo ſweet an ayre: for it is the dunghill of the law, vpon which are throwne the ruines of Gentry, and the Naſty heapes of voluntary-decayed Bankerupts: by which meanes it comes to be a perfect meddall of the iron age; ſithence nothing but gingling of keies, ratling of ſhackles, bolts and grates are heere to be heard. It is the horſe of Troy in whoſe wombe are ſhut vp all the mad Greekes that were men of action. The *Nullum vacuum* (vnleſſe in priſoners bellies) is heere truely to be proued. One excellent effect is wrought by the place it ſelfe, for the arranteſt coward breathing, being poaſted hither, comes in three dayes to an admirable ſtomacke. Does any man deſire to learne muſicke? euery man heere ſings *Lachrymæ* at firſt ſight, and is hardly out; hee runnes diuiſion vpon euery

note, and yet (to their commendations be it ſpoken) none of them (for all that diuiſion) doe trouble the Church; They are no Anabaptiſts; if you aske vnder what Horizon this Climate lies, the Bermudas and it are both vnder one and the ſame height. And whereas ſome ſuppoſe that this Iland (like that) is haunted with Deuils, it is not ſo: for thoſe Deuils (ſo talked of and feared) are none elſe but hoggiſh Iailors. Hither you neede not ſaile, for it is a ſhip of it ſelfe: the Maſters ſide is the vpper decke: They in the common Iayle lie vnder hatches and helpe to ballaſt it; Intricate caſes are the tacklings, Executions the Anchors, Capiaſſes the Cables, Chancerie-bils the huge Sailes, A long Terme the Maſt, Law the Helme, a Iudge the Pylot, a Councel the Purſer, an Atturney the Boatſwaine, his fleeting Clarke the Swabber, Bonds the Waues, Outlawries guſts, The Verdicts of Iuries rough Windes, Extents the Rockes that ſplit all in peeces. Or if it be not a Ship, yet this

this and a Shippe differ not much in the building; the one is a moouing miſery, the other a ſtanding. The firſt is ſeated on a Spring, the ſecond on Pyles. Either this place is an Embleme of a Bawdy-houſe, or a Bawdy-houſe of it; for nothing is to be ſeene (in any Roome) but ſcuruy Beds and bare walles. But (not ſo much to diſhonor it) it is an Vniuerſity of poore Schollers, in which three Arts are chiefly ſtudied: To pray, to curſe, and to write letters.

A Priſoner

IS one that hath beene a monyed man, and is ſtill a very cloſe fellow; whoſoeuer is of his acquaintance, let them make much of him, for they ſhall finde him as faſt a friend as any in England: hee is a ſure man, and you know where to finde him. The corruption of a Bankerupt, is commonly the genera-

tion of this creature: hee dwels on the backside of the world, or in the Suburbs of society, and liues in a Tenement which hee is sure none will goe about to take ouer his head. To a man that walkes abroad, he is one of the *Antipodes*; That goes on the top of the world; And This vnder it. At his first comming in, hee is a *peece* of *new coyne*, all sharking old prisoners lie sucking at his purse. An old man and *hee* are much alike, neither of them both goe farre. They are still angry, and peeuish, and they sleepe little. Hee was borne at the *fall of Babel*, the confusion of languages is onely in his mouth; All the vacations, hee speakes as good English, as any man in England: But in *Tearme times* hee breakes out of that hopping one-legg'd pace, into a *racking trot* of *Iſſues*, *Billes*, *Replications*, *Reioynders*, *Demurs*, *Querrels*, *Subpenaes*, *&c.* able to fright a simple Countrey-fellow, and make him beleeue hee coniures. Whatsoeuer his complexion was before, it

turnes

turnes (in this place) to *choller* or deepe *melancholly*, ſo that hee needes euery houre to take *phyſicke* to looſe his body, for that (like his eſtate) is very *foule* and *corrupt*, and extreamely *hard bound*. The taking of an *execution* off his ſtomacke giues him fiue or ſixe ſtooles, and leaues his body very ſoluble. The *withdrawing* of an action is a *vomit*. Hee is no ſound man, and yet an vtter Barreſter (nay a Sargeant of the caſe) will feede heartily vpon him, hee is very good picking meate for a Lawyer. The Barber Surgeons may (if they will) beg him for an *Anatomie* after hee hath ſuffered execution, an excellent Lecture may be made vpon his body: for he is a kinde of dead carcas, *Creditors*, *Lawyers* and *Iaylors* deuoure it, *Creditors* pecke out his eyes with his owne teares, *Lawyers* flea off his owne skinne, and lap him in parchment, and *Iaylors* are the *Promethean vultures* that gnaw his very heart. He is a bondſlaue to the law, and (albeit hee were a Shop-keeper in *London*)

London) yet he cannot with ſafe conſcience write himſelfe a *freeman*. His *religion* is of fiue or ſixe colours, this day he praiés that God would turne the hearts of his Creditors. And to morrow hee curſeth the time that euer hee ſaw them. His *apparrell* is daub'd commonly with *ſtatute-lace*, the *ſuit* it ſelfe of *durance*, and the *hoſe* full of long Paines: Hee hath many other laſting ſuits, which he himſelfe is neuer able to *weare* out, for they *weare* out him. The *Zodiaque* of his life is like that of the *Sunne*, (marry not halfe ſo glorious.) It beginnes in *Aries* and ends in *Piſces*. Both *Head* and *Feet* are (all the yeere long) in troubleſome and laborious *motions*, and *Weſtminſter Hall* is his *Spheare*. He liues betweene the two *Tropiques* (*Cancer* and *Capricorne*) and by that meanes is in double danger (of crabbed Creditors) for his *purſe*, and *hornes* for his *head* if his wiues heeles be light. If hee be a *Gentle-man* hee alters his *armes* ſo ſoone as he comes in. Few (here) carry *fields*

or

or *argent*, but whatſoeuer they bare before, heere they giue onely *Sables*. Whiles hee lies by it, hee's trauelling ore the *Alpes*, and the hearts of his creditors are the ſnowes that lie vnmelted in the middle of Summer. He is an *Almanacke* out of date: none of his dayes ſpeakes of faire weather. Of all the files of men, hee marcheth in the laſt, and comes limping, for he is ſhot and is no man of this world. Hee hath loſt his way, and being benighted ſtrayed into a wood full of *wolues*, and nothing ſo hard as to *get away* without being deuoured. He that walkes from ſix to ſix in *Pauls*, goes ſtill but a coyts caſt before this man.

A Creditor

IS a fellow that torments men for their good *conditions*. Hee is one of *Deucalions* ſonnes begotten of a ſtone.

The

The marble images in the Temple-Church that lie crosse-legg'd doe much resemble *him*, sauing that *this* is a little more *crosse*. He weares a forfeited band vnder that part of his girdle where his *thumbe* stickes, with as much pride as a *Welch-man* does a *leeke* on Saint *Dauids day*, and quarrels more and longer about it. Hee is a *Catchpoles* mornings draught, for the newes that such a gallant's come yesternight to towne, drawes out of him both muscadell and money to. Hee sayes the *Lords Prayer backewards*, or (to speake better of him) hee hath a *Pater Noster* by himselfe, and that *particle*, *Forgiue vs our debts as wee forgiue others*, &c. He either quite leaues out, or else leapes ouer it. It is a dangerous Rub in the ally of his conscience. Hee is the *Bloud-hound* of the *law* and hunts *counter*, very swiftly and with great iudgement. Hee hath a *quicke-sent* to smell out his game, and a good *deepe mouth* to pursue it, yet neuer opens till hee bites, and bites not

but

but hee *kills*, or at leaſt drawes *blood*, and then hee *pincheth* moſt *doggedly*. He is a Lawyers Moyle, and the onely Beaſt, vpon which hee *ambles* ſo often to *Weſtminſter*. And a *Lawyer* is his *God Almighty*, in *him* onely hee truſts, to *him* he flies in all his troubles, from *him* he ſeekes ſuccour, to *him* he prayes, that hee may by his meanes ouercome his enemies: *Him* does he worſhip both in the *Temple* and *abroad*, and hopes by *him* and good *Angels* to proſper in all his *actions*. A Scriuener is his *Farrier*, and helpes to recouer all his diſeaſed and maimed obligations. Euery Tearme hee ſets vp a *Tenters* in Weſtminſter Hall, vpon which he racks and ſtretches *Gentlemen* like Engliſh *broadcloth*, beyond the ſtaple of the *wooll*, till the threds cracke, and that cauſeth them with the leaſt wet to ſhrinke; and preſently to weare *bare*; Marrie hee handles a Citizen (at leaſt if himſelfe bee one) like a peece of *Spaniſh cloth*, giues him onely a twitch and ſtraines him

him not too hard, knowing how apt he is to *breake of himſelfe*, and then hee can cut nothing out of him but ſhreds. To the one hee comes like *Tamberlaine*, with his *blacke* and *bloudy flagge*. But to the other, his white one hangs out, and (vpon the parley) rather than faile, hee takes tenne groats i'th' pound for his *ranſome*, and ſo lets him *march* away with *Bagge* and *Baggage*. From the beginning of *Hillary* to the end of *Michaelmaſſe*, his purſe is full of *quick-ſiluer*, and that ſets him running from *Sunne-riſe* to *Sunne-ſet*, vp *Fleet-ſtreet*, and ſo to the *Chancerie*, from thence to *Weſtminſter*, then backe to one *Court*, after that to another, then to *Atturney*, then to a *Counſellour*, and in euery of theſe places hee melts ſome of his *fat* (his money.) In the vacation he goes to graſſe and gets vp his *fleſh* againe, which he bates as you haue heard. If he were to be hang'd, vnleſſe he could be ſau'd by his booke, he cannot for his heart call for a *Pſalme* of *mercy*. He is a

Law-

Law-trap baited with parchment and wax; the fearefull *Mice* hee catches, are debtors, with whom *ſcratching Atturneyes* (like *cats*) play a good while, and then *mouze* them. The *belly* is an *vnſatiable creditor*, but *man* worſe.

A Sergeant

WAs once taken (when hee *bare office* in his pariſh) for an honeſt man. The ſpawne of a *decaied Shopkeeper* begets this *Fry*; out of that *dunghill* is this *Serpents egge* hatched. It is a Deuill made ſomtimes out of one of the twelue companies, and does but ſtudy the part and rehearſe it on earth, to bee perfect when he comes to act it in hell: that is his ſtage. The hangman and hee are *twinnes*; onely the *Hangman* is the elder brother, and hee dying without iſſue (as commonly hee does, for none but a *Rope-makers* widdow will marrie him)

him) this then inherites. His *habite* is a *long Gowne* made at firſt to couer his knauery, but that *growing* too monſtrous, hee now goes in buffe: his conſcience and that, being both *cut* out of one Hide, and are of one toughneſſe. The *Counter-gate* is his *kennell*, the *whole Citie* his *Paris Garden*, the miſery of a poore man (but eſpecially a bad liuer) is the offals on which he feedes. The Deuill cals him his *white Sonne*; he is ſo like him, that he is the worſe for it, and hee takes after his father, for the one *torments bodyes* as faſt as the other *tortures ſoules*. *Money* is the *cruſt* hee leapes at; *crie* a *Ducke* a *Ducke*, and hee plunges not in ſo eagerly as at *this*. The *dogs chaps water* to fetch nothing elſe: hee hath his name for the ſame qualitie, for *Sergeant* is *Quaſi See Argent* looke you *Rogue* heere is money. He goes *muffled* like a theeſe, and carries ſtill the markes of one, for he *ſteales* vpon a man cowardly, *pluckes* him by the throat, makes him *ſtand*, and

and fleeces him. In this they differ, the theefe is more *valiant* and more *honeſt*. His walkes in Terme time are vp *Fleet-ſtreet*, at the end of the Terme vp Holborne, and ſo to Tyburne, the gallowes are his purlues, in which the *Hang-man* and *Hee* are *Quarter-rangers*, the one *turnes* off, and the other *cuts downe*. All the vacation hee lies imboag'de behinde the lattice of ſome blinde, drunken, baudy Ale-houſe, and if he ſpie his prey out he leaps, like a free-booter, and rifles; or like a *Ban-dog* worries. No officer to the City, keepes his oath ſo *vprightly*; hee neuer is forſworne, for hee ſweares to be *true Varlet* to the City, and he continues ſo to his dying day. *Mace* which is ſo comfortable to the ſtomacke in all kinde of meats, turnes in his hand to mortall poiſon. This Rauen pecks not out mens eyes as others doe, all his ſpite is at their ſhoulders, and you were better to haue the *Night Mare* ride you, then this *Incubus*. When any of the Furies in Hell die, this *Cacodemon* hath

the reuerſion of his place. He will venture as deſperately vpon the *Pox* as any *Roaring Boy* of them all. For when hee arreſts a *whore*, himſelfe puts her in, common baile at his owne perill, and ſhee paies him ſoundly for his labour; vpon one of the Sherieffes Cuſtards hee is not ſo greedy, nor ſo ſharpe ſet, as at ſuch a ſtew-pot. The City (is by the cuſtome) to feed him with good meat, as they ſend dead horſes to their hounds, onely to keepe them both in good heart, for not onely thoſe *Curs* at the *Doghouſe*, but theſe within the wals, are to ſerue in their places, in their ſeuerall huntings. Hee is a Citizens birdlime, and where hee holds he hangs.

This Yeoman

IS the *Hangar* that a *Sargeant* weares by his ſide, it is a falſe Die of the ſame *Bale*, but not the ſame *Cut*, for it runnes

runnes ſome-what *higher* and does more miſchiefe. It is a *Tumbler* to driue in the *conies*. He is yet but a *bungler*, and knowes not how to cut vp a man without *tearing*, but by a patterne. One *Terme* fleſhes him, or a *Fleet-ſtreet breakfaſt*. The *Deuill* is but his father in *law*, and yet for the loue hee beares him, will leaue him as much as if he were his owne childe. And for that cauſe (in ſtead of prayers) hee does euery morning at the *Counter-gate* aske him *bleſſing*, and thriues the better in his *actions* all the day after. This is the hooke that hangs vnder water to choake the *fiſh*, and his Sergeant is the *quill* aboue water, which pops downe ſo ſoone as euer the *bait* is ſwallowed. It is indeed an *Otter*, and the more terrible deſtroyer of the two. This *Counter-Rat* hath a taile as long as his fellowes, but his teeth are more ſharpe, and he more hungry, becauſe he does but ſnap, and hath not his full *halfe, ſhare* of the booty. The eye of this Wolfe is as quicke in his head, as a *Cut-*

purſes in a throng, and as nimble is he at his buſineſſe, as a *Hang-man* at an *execution*. His *office* is as the dogges to worrie the ſheepe firſt, or driue him to the ſhambles; the Butcher that cuts his throat ſteps out afterwards, and that's his *Sargeant*. His liuing lies within the City, but his *conſcience* lies *bedrid* in one of the holes of a *Counter*. This Eele is bred too, out of the mud of a Bankerupt, and dies commonly with his guts ript vp, or elſe a ſudden ſtab ſends him of his laſt errand. Hee will very greedily take a cut with a ſword, and ſucke more ſiluer out of the wound then his *Surgeon* ſhall. His beginning is deteſtable, his courſes deſperate, and his end damnable.

A Common cruell Iaylor

IS a creature miſtaken in the making, for hee ſhould bee a Tyger; but the ſhape

ſhape being thought too terrible, it is couered; and hee weares the vizor of a man, yet retaines the qualities of his former fiercenes, curriſhneſſe, and rauening. Of that red earth, of which man was faſhioned, this peece was the baſeſt, of the rubbiſh which was left, and throwne by, came this Iaylor, his deſcent is then more ancient, but more ignoble, for hee comes of the race of thoſe Angels that fell with *Lucifer* from heauen, whither he neuer (or very hardly) returnes. Of all his bunches of keyes not one hath wards to open that doore; For this Iaylours ſoule ſtands not vpon thoſe two Pillers that ſupport heauen, (*Iuſtice* and *Mercy*) it rather ſits vpon thoſe two foot-ſtooles of hell, *Wrong* and *Cruelty*. Hee is a Judges ſlaue, and a priſoner's his. In this they differ, he is a voluntary one, the other compeld. He is the *Hang-man* of the law (with a lame hand) and if the law gaue him all his limbs perfect, hee would ſtrike thoſe on whom he is glad to fawne. In fighting

againſt a Debtor, hee is a Creditors ſe-cond; but obſerues not the lawes of the *Duello*, for his play is foule, and on all baſe aduantages. His conſcience and his ſhackles hangs vp together, and are made very neere of the ſame mettle, ſa-uing that the one is harder then the o-ther, and hath one property aboue Iron, for that neuer melts. Hee diſtils money out of poore mens teares, and growes fat by their curſes. No man comming to the practicall part of Hell, can diſ-charge it better, becauſe here hee does nothing but ſtudy the Theoricke of it. His houſe is the picture of Hell in little, and the originall of the letters Patents of his office ſtand exemplified there. A chamber of lowſie beds is better worth to him then the beſt acre of corne-land in England. Two things are hard to him (nay almoſt impoſſible) viz: To ſaue all his priſoners that none euer e-ſcape, and to bee ſaued himſelfe. His eares are ſtopt to the cries of others, and Gods to his: and good reaſon, for lay

lay the life of a man in one Scale, and his fees on the other, hee will loſe the firſt to finde the ſecond. He muſt looke for no mercy (if he deſires Iuſtice to be done him) for hee ſhewes none, and I thinke hee cares the leſſe, becauſe hee knowes heauen hath no neede of ſuch Tenants, the doores there want no Porters, for they ſtand euer open. If it were poſſible for all creatures in the world to ſleepe euery night, he only and a Tyrant cannot. That bleſſing is taken from them, and this curſe comes in the ſteade, to bee euer in feare, and euer hated: what eſtate can be worſe?

What a Character is.

IF I muſt ſpeake the Schoole-maſters language, I will confeſſe that Character comes of this Infinitiue moode χαραξω, which ſignifies to engraue, or make a deepe Impreſſion. And for that

cauſe, a letter (as A. B.) is called a Character.

Thoſe Elements which wee learne firſt, leauing a ſtrong ſeale in our memories.

Character is alſo taken for an Ægyptian Hieroglyphicke, for an impreſe, or ſhort Embleme ; in little comprehending much.

To ſquare out a Character by our Engliſh leuell, it is a picture (reall or perſonall) quaintly drawne, in various colours, all of them heightned by one ſhadowing.

It is a quicke and ſoft touch of many ſtrings, all ſhutting vp in one muſicall cloze : It is wits deſcant on any plaine ſong.

The

The Character of a happy life.

By Sir H. W.

How happy is he borne or taught,
That ſerueth not anothers will;
Whoſe Armour is his honeſt thought,
And ſilly Truth *his higheſt ſkill.*

Whoſe paſſions not his Maſters are,
Whoſe ſoule is ſtill prepar'd for death:
Vntyed vnto the world with care
Of Princely loue, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whoſe conſcience is his ſtrong retreit:
Whoſe ſtate can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accuſers great.

Who

The Character, &c.

Who enuieth none whom chance doth raiſe,
Or vice: who neuer vnderſtood,
How deepeſt wounds are giuen with praiſe,
Not rules of ſtate, but rules of good.

Who GOD doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, then gifts to lend;
Who entertaines the harmeleſſe day,
With a well choſen Booke or Friend.

This man is free from ſeruile bands,
Of hope to riſe, or feare to fall;
Lord of himſelfe, though not of Lands:
And hauing nothing, he hath All.

An Eſ-

An Essay of Valour.

I Am of opinion, that nothing is so potent either to procure, or merit Loue, as Valour, and I am glad I am so, for thereby I shall doe my selfe much ease. Because valour neuer needs much wit to maintaine it. To speake of it in it selfe, It is a quality which he that hath, shall haue least need of: so the best league betweene Princes, is a mutuall feare of each other. It teacheth a man to value his reputation as his life, and chiefely to hold the lie insufferable, though being alone hee findes no hurt it doth him. It leaues it selfe to others censures. For he that brags of his owne, dissuades others from beleeuing it. It feareth a sword no more than an Ague. It alwaies makes good the owner, for though he be generally held a foole, hee shall seldome here so much by word of mouth; and that inlargeth him more then

than any ſpectacles, for it maketh a little fellow to be called a *Tall-man.* It yeelds the wall to none but a woman, whoſe weakeneſſe is her prerogatiue; or a man ſeconded with a woman, as an Vſher which alwaies goes before his betters. It makes a man become the witneſſe of his owne wordes, and ſtand to what euer he hath ſaid, and thinketh it a reproach to commit his reuiling vnto the law. It furniſheth youth with action, and age with diſcourſe, and both by futures; for a man muſt neuer boaſt himſelfe in the preſent tenſe. And to come neerer home, nothing drawes a woman like to it, for valour towards men, is an Embleme of an Ability towards women, a good quality ſignifies a better: Nothing is more behouefull for that Sexe, for from it they receiue protection, and we free from the danger of it: Nothing makes a ſhorter cut to obteyning, for a man of armes is alwaies void of ceremonie, which is the wall that ſtands betwixt *Piramus* and *Thisbe*, that is, Man and Woman, for there

there is no pride in women, but that which rebounds from our owne baſeneſſe (as cowards grow valiant vpon thoſe that are more cowards) ſo that onely by our pale asking, we teach them to deny. And by our ſhamefac'tneſſe wee put them in minde to bee modeſt: whereas indeed it is cunning Rhetoricke to perſwade the hearers that they are that already, which we would haue them to be. This kinde of baſhfulneſſe is far from men of valour, and eſpecially from ſouldiers, for ſuch are euer men (without doubt) forward, and confident loſing no time, leſt they ſhould loſe opportunity, which is the beſt Factor for a Lover. And becauſe they know women are giuen to diſſemble; they will neuer beleeue them when they deny. Whilome before this age of wir, and wearing blacke broke in vpon vs, there was no way knowne to win a Lady, but by Tilting, Tournying, and Riding through Forreſts, in which time theſe ſlender ſtriplings with little legs, were held but of

ſtrength

ſtrength enough to marie their widowes. And euen in our daies there can be giuen no reaſon of the inundation of ſervingmen vpon their miſtreſſes, but onely that vſually they carry their Miſtriſſes weapons, and his valour. To bee counted handſome, iuſt, learned, or wel-fauoured; all this carries no danger with it, but it is to bee admitted to the title of valiant Acts, at leaſt the venturing of his mortality, and all women take delight to hold him ſafe in their armes, who hath eſcaped thither through many dangers. To ſpeake at once, man hath a priuiledge in valour; In clothes and good faces wee but imitate women, and many of that ſexe will not thinke much (as farre as an anſwer goes) to diſſemble wit too. So then theſe neat youthes, theſe women in mens apparrel, are too neere a woman to bee beloued of her, they bee both of a Trade, but bee of grim aſpect, and ſuch a one a glaſſe dares take, and ſhe will deſire him for newneſſe and varietie. A skar in a mans face is the ſame that a mole in a

womans,

womans, and a mole in a womans, is a Iewell ſet in white to make it ſeeme more white; For a skar in a man is a marke of honour, and no blemiſh; for 'tis a skarre and a blemiſh in a Souldier to be without one. Now as for all things elſe, which are to procure Loue, as a good face, wit, cloathes, or a good body; each of them I confeſſe may worke ſomewhat for want of a better, that is, if valour be not their Ryuall. A good face availes nothing if it be in a coward that is baſhfull, the vtmoſt of it is to be kiſſed, which rather increaſeth then quencheth Appetite. Hee that ſendes her guifts, ſends her word alſo that he is a man of ſmall guifts otherwiſe: for wooing by ſignes and tokens, implies the author dumbe. And if *Ouid* who writ the Law of Loue were aliue (as hee is extant) would allow it as good a diuerſitie, that gifts ſhould bee ſent as gratuities, not as bribes. Wit getteth rather promiſe then Loue. Wit is not to bee ſeene: and no woman takes aduice of any in her louing; but

but of her owne eies and her wayting womans: Nay which is worſe, wit is not to be felt, and ſo no good Bedfellow: Wit applied to a woman makes her diſſolue her ſympering, and diſcouer her teeth with laughter, and this is ſurely a purge for loue; for the beginning of loue is a kind of fooliſh melancholly. As for the man that makes his Taylor his Bawd, and hopes to inueagle his loue with ſuch a coloured ſuite, ſurely the ſame deepely hazzards the loſſe of her fauour vpon euery change of his cloathes. So likewiſe for the other that courts her ſilently with a good Body, let me certifie him that his cloathes depend vpon the comlineſſe of his body, and ſo both vpon opinion. Shee that hath beene ſeduced by apparrell, let me giue her to wit, that men alwaies put off their cloathes before they goe to bed. And let her that hath beene enamoured of her ſeruants body, vnderſtand that if ſhee ſaw him in a skinne of cloath, that is, in a Suit made to the patterne of his body, ſhe would ſee ſlender

cauſe

cauſe to loue him euer after. There is no cloathes ſit ſo well in a womans eye, as a Suit of ſteele, though not of the faſhion, and no man ſo ſoone ſurpriſeth a womans affections, as he that is the ſubiect of all whiſpering, and hath alwaies twenty ſtories of his owne deedes depending vpon him. Miſtake me not, I vnderſtand not by valour, one that neuer fights, but when he is backed with drinke or anger, or hiſſed on with beholders, nor one that is deſperate, nor one that takes away a Seruingmans weapons, when perchance it coſt him his Quarters wages, nor yet one that weares a priuie coat of defence, and therein is confident for then ſuch as made Bucklers would bee counted the Catalines of the Commonwealth. I intend one of an euen reſolution grounded vpon reaſon: which is alwaies euen, hauing his power reſtrained by the law of not doing wrong. But now I remember I am for valour, and therefore muſt bee a man of few words.

CERTAINE EDICTS from a Parliament in *Eutopia*; Written by the Lady *Southwell*.

Inprimis, Hee that hath no other worth to commend him, then a good Suite of Apparrell, ſhall not dare to woe a Lady in his owne behalfe, but ſhall be allowed to carry the Hieroglyphike of his friends affection.

Item, that no ſonle-fac'd Lady ſhall raile on her that is fairer, becauſe ſhe is fairer; nor ſeeke by blacke calumniation to darken her fame, vnleſſe ſhee bee her corriuall.

Item, that no man may entitle himſelfe by the matchleſſe name of a friend, that loues vpon condition, vnleſſe hee be a Schoole-maſter.

Item, that no Lady, which modeſtly keepes

keepes her houſe for want of good clothes to viſit her Goſſips, ſhall profeſſe contempt of the worlds vanity, vnleſſe ſhe ſee no hope of the tides returning.

Item, that no Banckrupt Knight, that to ſet vp ſhop againe becomes paraſite or Buffone to ſome great Lord, ſhall euer after ſweare by his honour; but by his Knight-hood he may.

Item, that no Lady that vſeth to paint ſhall finde fault with her painter that hath not counterfeited her picture faire enough, vnleſſe ſhee will acknowledge her ſelfe to be the better counterfeitter.

Item, that no man, whoſe vaine loue hath beene reiected by a vertuous Lady, ſhall report that he hath refuſed and caſt her off, vnleſſe hee will take the baſe lying fellow by the next aſſailant, ſo reiected, without any further quarrell.

Item, that no Lady ſhall court her looking glaſſe, paſt one houre in a day, vnleſſe ſhe profeſſe to be an Inginer.

Item, that no Quarter-waiter ſhall feed on cheeſe three quarters of a yeere

to feaſt on ſatten one-quarter, without *Galens* aduice, and the Apothecaries bill to be written by a Taylor.

Item, that wench that is ouer enamored of her ſelfe, and thinkes all other ſo too, ſhall bee bound to carrie a burden of Birdlime on her backe, and ſpinne at a Barne-doore to catch fooles.

Item, hee that ſweareth when hee loſeth his money at dice, ſhall challenge his damnation by the way of purchaſe.

Item, no Lady that ſilently ſimpereth for want of wit, ſhall be call'd modeſt.

Item, no fellow that begins to argue with a woman, and wants wit to encounter her, ſhall thinke he hath redeem'd his credit by putting her to ſilence with ſome laſciuious diſcourſe, vnleſſe hee weare white for *William*, and greene for *Sommer*.

Item, no woman that remaineth conſtant for want of aſſault, ſhall be called chaſte.

Item, he that profeſſeth vertuous loue to a woman, and giues ground when his vanitie is reiected, ſhall haue his bels cut off and flie for a haggard.

Item, ſhe that reſpecteth the good opinion of others, before the Being of good in her ſelfe, ſhall not refuſe the name of an Hypocrite; and ſhee that emploies all her time in working trappings for her ſelfe, the name of ſpider: and ſhe that ſets the firſt queſt of enquirie amongſt her goſſips for new faſhions, ſhall not refuſe a ſtitcher for her ſecond husband.

Item, Hee that hath reported a Lady to be vertuous, for the which he profeſſeth to loue her, yet vnder hand commenceth a baſe ſuit, and is diſdained; ſhall not on this blow which his owne vice hath giuen him, out of policy raile ſuddenly on her, for feare hee bee noted for a vicious foole: but to his friend in priuate hee may ſay that his iudgement was blinded by her cunning diſguiſe, and that he findes her wauering in good-

neſſe, and in time he ſhall openly profeſſe to raile on her; but with ſuch a modeſty forſooth, as if he were loth to bring his iudgement into queſtion; nor would he doe it, but that he prefers truth euen out of his owne reach.

NEVVES
FROM ANY WHENCE.

OR,

OLD TRVTH, VNDER A SVP-
posall of Noueltie.

Occasioned by diuers Essaies, and priuate *passages of Wit, betweene sundry Gentlemen vpon that subiect.*

Newes from Court.

IT is thought heere that there are as great miseries beyond happinesse, as a this side it, as *being in loue.* That truth is euerie mans by assenting. That time makes euery thing aged, and yet it selfe was

neuer but a minute olde. That, next ſleepe, the greateſt deuourer of time is buſineſſe: the greateſt ſtretcher of it, *Paſſion*: the trueſt meaſure of it, *Contemplation*. To be ſaued, alwaies is the beſt plot: and vertue alwaies cleeres her way as ſhee goes. *Vice* is euer behind-hand with it ſelfe. That *Wit* and a *woman* are two fraile things, and both the frailer by concurring. That the meanes of begetting a man, hath more increaſt mankinde then the end. That the madneſſe of Loue is to bee ſicke of one part, and cured by another. The madneſſe of Iealouſie, that it is ſo diligent, and yet it hopes to loſe his labour. That all Women for the bodily part, are but the ſame meaning put in diuers wordes. That the difference in the ſenſe is their vnderſtanding: That the wiſdome of *Action* is *Diſcretion*; the knowledge of *Contemplation* is truth: the knowledge of action is men. That the firſt conſiders what ſhould be, the latter makes vſe of what is.

That

That euery man is weake in his owne humours. That euery man a little beyond himselfe is a foole. That affectation is the more ridiculous part of folly then ignorance. That the matter of greatnesse is comparison. That God made one world of *Substances*; Man hath made another of *Art* and *Opinion*. That Money is nothing but a thing which *Art* hath turned vp *Trumpe*. That custome is the soule of circumstances. That custome hath so farre preuailed, that *Truth* is now the greatest newes.

Sir *T. Ouer*.

Answere to the Court Newes.

THat *Happinesse* and *Miserie* are *Antipodes*. That *Goodnesse* is not *Felicitie*, but the rode thither. That Mans strength is but a vicissitude of falling and rising. That onely to refraine ill, is to be ill still. That the plot of Sal-

uation

uation was laide before the plot of *Paradiſe*. That enioying is the preparatiue to contemning. That hee that ſeekes opinion beyond merit, goes iuſt ſo farre backe. That no man can obtaine his deſires; nor in the world hath not to his meaſure. That to ſtudy, men are more profitable then bookes. That mens loues are their afflictions. That Titles of Honour, are rattles to ſtill ambition. That to be a King, is *Fames Butte*, and *Feares Quiuer*. That the ſoules of Women and Louers, are wrapt in the portmanque of their ſenſes. That imagination is the end of man. That wit is the webbe, and wiſdome the woofe of the cloth; ſo that womens ſoules were neuer made vp. That enuie knowes what it will not confeſſe. That *Goodneſſe* is like the Art *Proſpectiue*: one point Center, begetting infinite rayes. That man, Woman, and the Deuill, are the three degrees of compariſon. That this Newes holds number, but

not

not weight, by which couple all things receiue forme.

Countrey Newes.

THat there is moſt heere, for it gathers in going. That reputation is meaſured by the Acre. That Pouerty is the greateſt diſhoneſty. That the pittie of *Alaſſe poore ſoule*, is for the moſt part miſtaken. That Roſt Beefe is the beſt ſmell. That a Iuſtice of Peace is the beſt relique of Idolatrie. That the Allegory of Iuſtice drawne blinde, is turned the wrong way. That not to liue to heauenly is accounted great wrong. That wiſdome deſcends in a race. That we loue names better then perſons. That to hold in Knights ſeruice, is a ſlipperie ſeruice. That a Papiſt is a new word for a Traitor. That the dutie of Religion is lent, not pay'd. That the reward is loſt in the want

want of humility. That the Puritane perſecution is as a clowde that can hide the glory of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *Engliſh* and *Scots* to be the *Kings* Countrey-men, thruſt the honour on the *Welſh*. That a Courtier neuer attaines his ſelfe-knowledge, but by report. That his beſt Embleme is a Hearne-dogge. That many great men are ſo proud, that they know not their owne Fathers. That Loue is the taile-worme. That a woman is the effect of her owne firſt fame. That to remember, to know, and to vnderſtand, are three degrees not vnderſtood. That Countrey ambition is no vice, for there is nothing aboue a man. That fighting is a Seruing-mans valour: Martyrdome their Maſters. That to liue long is to fill vp the dayes we liue. That the zeale of ſome mens Religion reflects from their Friends. That the pleaſure of vice is indulgence of the preſent, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodneſſe is from within, the

externall

externall is policie. That good and ill is the croſſe and pile in the aime of life. That the Soule is the lampe of the body, Reaſon of the Soule, Religion of Reaſon, Faith of Religion, Chriſt of Faith. That circumſtances are the Atomies of Policie, Cenſure the being, Action the life, but ſucceſſe the Ornament. That Authority preſſeth downe with weight, and is thought violence: Policy trips vp the heeles and is called the dexterity. That this life is a throng in a narrow paſſage, hee that is firſt out, findes eaſe, hee in the middle worſt hemm'd in with troubles, the hindmoſt that driues both out afore him, though not ſuffering wrong, hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts, a reckoning, not payment. That heauen is the eaſieſt purchaſe, for wee are the richer for the diſburſing. That liberality ſhould haue no obiect but the poore, if our mindes were rich. That the myſterie of greatneſſe is to keepe the inferiour ignorant

of

of it. That all this is no Newes to a better wit. *That the City cares not what the Countrey thinkes.*

Sir T.R.

Newes from the very Countrey.

THat it is a Fripery of Courtiers, Marchants, and others, which haue beene in fashion, and are very neere worne out. That Iustices of Peace haue the felling of vnderwoods, but the Lords haue the great fals. The Iesuits are like Apricockes, heretofore, heere and there one succour'd in a great mans house, and cost deare; now you may haue them for nothing in euery cottage. That euery great Vice is a Pike in a Pond, that deuours vertues, and lesse vices. That it is wholesomest getting a stomacke by walking on your owne ground: and the thriftiest laying of

of it at anothers Table. That debtors are in *London* cloſe priſoners, and heere haue the liberty of the houſe. That *Atheiſts* in affliction, like blinde beggers, are forced to aske, though they know not of whom. That there are (God bee thanked) not two ſuch Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* and *Weſtminſter-Hall*. That onely Chriſtmaſſe-Lords know their ends. That Women are not ſo tender fruit, but that they doe as well, and beare as well vpon Beds, as plaſhed againſt walles. That our carts are neuer worſe imployed, then when they are waighted on by Coaches. That Sentences in Authours, like haires in horſe tailes, concur in one root of beauty and ſtrength, but being pluckt out one by one, ſerue onely for Springes and Snares. That both want and abundance, equally aduance a rectified man from the world, as cotton and ſtones are both good caſting for an Hawke. That I am ſure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, becauſe

we

we doe not all eat thereof. That our beſt three-pilde miſchiefe comes from beyond the ſea, and rides poſt through the Countrey, but his errand is to Court. That next to no wife and children, your owne are the beſt paſtime, anothers wife and your children worſe, your wife and anothers children worſt. That Stateſmen hunt their fortunes, and are often at default: Fauourites courſe her, and are euer in view. That intemperance is not ſo vnwholeſome heere; for none euer ſaw Sparrow ſicke of the pox. That heere is no trechery nor fidelity, but it is becauſe heere are no ſecrets. That Court-motions are vp and downe; ours circular: theirs like ſquibs cannot ſtay at the higheſt, nor returne to the place which they roſe from, but vaniſh and weare out in the way: Ours like Mil-wheeles, buſie without changing place; they haue peremptory fortunes; wee viciſſitudes.

I. D.

Anſwere

Anſwer to the very Countrey Newes.

IT is a thought, that man is the Cooke of time, and made dreſſer of his owne fatting. That the fiue Senſes are Cinque-ports for temptation, the traffique ſinne, the Lieutenant *Sathan*, the cuſtome-tribute, ſoules. That the Citizens of the high Court grow rich by ſimplicitie; but thoſe of *London*, by ſimple craft. That life, death, and time, doe with ſhort cudgels dance the Matachine. That thoſe which dwell vnder the *Zona Torrida*, are troubled with more damps, than thoſe of *Frigida*. That *Policie* and *Superſtition* hath of late her maſque rent from her face, and ſhee is found with a wrie mouth and a ſtinking breath, and thoſe that courted her hotly, hate her now in the ſame degree or beyond. That Nature too much louing her owne, be-

comes vnnaturall and fooliſh. That the ſoule in ſome is like an egge, hatched by a young Pullet, who often rigging from her neſt, makes hot and colde beget rottenneſſe, which her wanton youth will not beleeue, till the faire ſhell being broken, the ſtinke appeareth to profit others, but cannot her. That thoſe are the wiſe ones, that hold the ſuperficies of vertue, to ſupport her contrary, all-ſufficient. That clemency within and without is the nurſe of rebellion. That thought of the future is retired into the Countrey, and time preſent dwels at Court. That I liuing neere the Churchyard, where many are buried of the Peſt, yet my infection commeth from *Spaine*, and it is feared it will diſperſe further into the Kingdome.

A. S.

Newes to the Vniuerſity.

A Meere Scholler is but a liue booke: Action doth expreſſe knowledge better then words; ſo much of the ſoule is loſt as the body cannot vtter. To teach, ſhould rather be an effect, then the purpoſe of learning. Age decaies nature, perfects Art: therefore the glory of youth, is ſtrength; of the gray head, wiſdome; yet moſt condemne the follies of their owne infancy, runne after thoſe of the worlds, and in reuerence of antiquitie will beare an old error againſt a new truth. *Logicke* is the *Heraldrie* of Arts, the array of Iudgement, none it ſelfe, nor any Science without it: where it and learning meete not, muſt be either a skilfull ignorance, or a wilde knowledge. Vnderſtanding cannot conclude out of moode and figure. Diſcretion containes *Rhetoricke*; the next way to

learne good words, is to learne ſenſe; the neweſt *Philoſophie* is ſoundeſt, the eldeſt *Diuinitie*: *Aſtronomie* begins in Nature, ends in Magicke. There is no honeſtie of the body without health, which no man hath had ſince *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the firſt mother of ſickneſſe, is now the daughter. Nothing dyes but qualities. No kinde in the world can periſh without ruine of the whole. All parts helpe one another (like States) for particular intereſt: So in Arts which are but tranſlations of nature, there is no ſound poſition in any one, which, imagine falſe, there may not from it be drawne ſtrong concluſions, to diſproue all the reſt. Where one truth is granted, it may bee by direct meanes brought to confirme any other controuerted. The ſoule and body of the firſt man, were made fit to bee immortall together: wee cannot liue to the one, but wee muſt dye to the other. A man and a Chriſtian are two Creatures. Our per-

perfection in this World is vertue; in the next knowledge; when wee shall read the glory of God in his owne face.

Newes from Sea.

THat the best pleasure is to haue no obiect of pleasure, and vniformity is a better prospect then variety. That putting to Sea is change of life, but not of condition; where rilings and fals, Calmes, and crosse-gales are yours, in order and turne; fore-windes but by chance. That it is the worst winde to haue no winde, and that your smooth fac'd Courtier, deading your course by a calme giues greater impediment, then an open enemies crosse-gale. That leuitie is a vertue, for many are held vp by it. That it's nothing so intricate and infinite, to rigge a ship as a woman, and the more either is fraught, the apter to leake. That to

pumpe the one, and ſhreeue the other, is alike noyſome. That ſmall faults habituated, are as dangerous as little leakes vnfound; and that to puniſh and not preuent, is to labour in the pumpe, and leaue the leake open. That it is beſt ſtriking Saile before a ſtorme, and neceſſarieſt in it. That a little time in our life is beſt, as the ſhorteſt cut to our Hauen is the happieſt voyage. That to him that hath no Hauen, no winde is friendly; and yet it is better to haue no Hauen, then ſome kinde of one. That expedition is euery where to bee bribed but at Sea. That gaine workes this miracle, to make men walke vpon the water; and that the ſound of Commoditie drowns the noiſe of a Storme, eſpecially of an abſent one. That I haue once in my life out-gone night at Sea, but neuer darkneſſe; and that I ſhall neuer wonder to ſee a hard world, becauſe I haue liued to ſee the Sunne a bankrupt, being ready to ſtarue for cold in his perpetuall preſence. That a mans companions are (like ſhips) to

be

be kept in diſtance, for falling foule one of another; onely with my friend I will cloſe. That the faireſt field for a running head is the Sea, where he may run himſelfe out of breath, and his humour out of him. That I could carry you much further, and yet leaue more before then behinde, and all will bee but *via Nauis*, without print or tracke, for ſo is morall inſtruction to youths watriſh humour. That though a Shippe vnder ſaile bee a good ſight, yet it is better to ſee her moor'd in the Hauen. That I care not what become of this fraile Barke of my fleſh, ſo I ſaue the paſſenger. And heere I caſt Anchor.

W. S.

Forraine Newes of the yeere 1622.

From France.

IT is deliuered from *France*, that the choyce of friends there, is as of their Wines: thoſe that being new, are hard and harſh, proue beſt: the moſt pleaſing are leaſt laſting. That an enemy fierce at the firſt onſet, is as a torrent tumbling downe a mountaine; a while it beares all before it: haue but that whiles patience, you may paſſe it drie foot. That a penetrating iudgement may enter into a mans minde by his bodies gate; if this appeare affected, apiſh and vnſtable; a wonder if that be ſetled.

That vaine glory, new faſhions, and the *French* diſeaſe, are vpon tearmes of quitting

quitting their Countries Alleageance to bee made free Denisons of *England*. That the wounds of an ancient enmity haue their scarres, which cannot bee so well closed to the sight, but they will lie open to the memorie. That a Princes pleasurable vices, vshered by authoritie, and waited on by conniuence, sooner punish themselues by the subiects imitation, then they can be reformed by remonstrance or corection: so apt are all ill examples to rebound on them that giue them. That Kings heare truth oftener for the tellers, then their owne aduantage.

From Spaine.

THat the shortest cut to the riches of the *Indies*, is by their contempt. That who is feared of most feares most. That it more vexeth the proud, that men despise them, then that they not feare

feare them. That greatneſſe is fruitfull enough, when other helpes faile, to beget on it ſelfe deſtruction. That it is a groſſe flattering of tired crueltie, to honeſt it with the title of clemency. That to eat much at other mens coſt, and little at his owne, is the wholeſomeſt and moſt nouriſhing diet, both in Court and countrey. That thoſe are apteſt to domineere ouer others, who by ſuffering indignities haue learned to offer them. That ambition like a fillie Doue flies vp to fall downe, it mindes not whence it came, but whither it will. That euen Galley-ſlaues, ſetting light by their captiuitie, finde freedome in bondage. That to be ſlow in military buſineſſe, is to be ſo courteous as to giue the way to an enemie. That lightning and greatneſſe more feare then hurt.

From Rome.

THat the Venereall (called veniall) ſinne is to paſſe in the ranke of Cardinall vertues; and that thoſe ſhould be held henceforth his Holineſſe beneficiall friends, that ſinne vpon hope of pardon. That where vice is a State-commodity, he is an offender that often offends not. That Iewes and Curtezans there, are as beaſts that men feede, to feede on. That for an Engliſh man to abide at *Rome*, is not ſo dangerous as report makes it; ſince it skilles not where we liue, ſo we take heed how we liue. That greatneſſe comes not downe by the way it went vp, there being often found a ſmall diſtance betweene the higheſt and the loweſt Fortunes. That rackt authority is oft leſſe at home then abroad regarded, while things that ſeeme, are (commonly) more a farre off then at hand feared.

From

From Venice.

THat the moſt profitable Banke, is the true vſe of a mans ſelfe, whiles ſuch as grow mouldy in idleneſſe, make their houſes their Tombes, and die before their death. That many dangerous ſpirits lie buried in their wants, which had they meanes to their mindes would dare as much as thoſe that with their better Fortunes ouer-toppe them. That profeſſed Curtezans, if they be any way good, it is becauſe they are openly bad. That frugalitie is the richeſt treaſure of an eſtate, where men feede for hunger, clothe for colde and modeſtie, and ſpend for Honour, Charity and Safety.

From

From Germanie.

THat the infectious vice of Drunken-good-fellowſhip, is like to ſticke by that Nation as long as the multitude of Offenders ſo benums the ſenſe of offending, as that a common blot is held no ſtaine. That diſcretions muſt bee taken by weight, not by tale: who doth otherwiſe, ſhall both prooue his owne too light, and fall ſhort of his reckoning. That feare and a nice fore-caſt of euery ſlight danger, ſeldome giues either faithfull or fruitfull counſell. That the Empire of *Germanie*, is not more great then that ouer a mans ſelfe.

From

From the Low Countreys.

THat one of the ſureſt grounds of a mans liberty is, not to giue another power ouer it. That the moſt dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemie, is deſperation, while forcing him to ſet light by his owne life, thou makeſt him maſter of thine. That neglected danger lights ſooneſt and heauieſt. That they are wiſeſt, who in the likelihood of good, prouide for ill. That ſince pittie dwelles at the next doore to miſery, hee liueth moſt at eaſe that is neighboured with enuy. That the euill fortune of the warres, as well as the good is variable.

Newes from my Lodging.

THat the beſt proſpect is to looke inward. That it is quieter ſleeping in a good conſcience then a whole skin. That a ſoule in a fat bodie lies ſoft, and is loth to riſe. That he muſt riſe betimes who would coſen the Deuill. That *Flattery* is increaſed from a pillow vnder the elbow, to a bed vnder the whole body. That *Policie* is the vnſleeping night of reaſon. That he who ſleepes in the cradle of ſecurity, ſinnes ſoundly without ſtarting. That guilt is the Flea of the conſcience. That no man is throughly awaked, but by affliction. That a hang'd Chamber in priuate, is nothing ſo conuenient as a hang'd Traitour in publike. That the religion of *Papiſtrie*, is like a curtaine, made to keepe out the light. That the life of moſt Women is walking in their ſleepe, and they talke their dreames.

dreames. That Chambering is counted a ciuiller quality, then playing at Tables in the Hall, though Seruing-men vſe both. That the beſt bedfellow for all times in the yeere, is a good bed without a fellow. That hee who tumbles in a calme bed, hath his tempeſt within. That he who will riſe, muſt firſt lie downe and take humility in his way. That ſleepe is deaths picture drawne to life, or the twy-light of life and death. That in ſleepe we kindely ſhake death by the hand; but when we are awaked, wee will not know him. That often ſleepings are ſo many trials to die, that at laſt wee may doe it perfectly. That few dare write the true newes of their Chamber: and that I haue none ſecret enough to tempt a ſtrangers curioſity, or a ſeruants diſcouery.

God giue you good morrow.

B.R.

Newes of my morning Worke.

THat to bee good, the way is to bee moſt alone, or the beſt accompanied. That the way to heauen is miſtaken for the moſt Melancholy-walke. That the moſt feare the worlds opinion, more then Gods diſpleaſure. That a Court-friend ſeldome goes further then the firſt degree of Charity. That the Deuill is the perfecteſt Courtier. That innocencie was firſt cozen to man, now guiltineſſe hath the neereſt alliance. That ſleepe is Deaths Leger-Ambaſſadour. That time can neuer be ſpent: we paſſe by it and cannot returne. That none can bee ſure of more time then an inſtant. That ſin makes worke for repentance or the Deuill. That patience hath more power then afflictions. That euery ones memory is diuided into two parts: the part loſing all is the

Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honesty in the Court liues in perſecution, like Proteſtants in Spaine. That predeſtination and conſtancie are a like vncertaine to be iudged of. That reaſon makes loue the Seruing-man. That vertues fauour is better then a Kings fauourite. That being ſicke begins a ſuit to God, being well, poſſeſſeth it. That health is the Coach which carries to Heauen, ſickneſſe the poſt-horſe. That worldly delights to one in extreme ſickneſſe, is like a high candle to a blinde man. That abſence doth ſharpen loue, preſence ſtrengthens it; that the one brings fuell, the other blowes it till it burnes cleere: that loue often breakes friendſhip, that euer increaſeth loue. That conſtancy of women, and loue in men, is a like rare. That Art is truths Iuggler. That falſhood playes a larger part in the world then truth. That blinde zeale and lame knowledge are a like apt to ill. That fortune is humbleſt where moſt contemned. That no Porter but reſolution keepes

keepes feare out of mindes. That the face of goodneſſe without a body is the worſt wickedneſſe. That womens fortunes aſpire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit is the worſt *Hermaphrodite*. That a man not worthy being a friend, wrongs himſelfe by being in acquaintance. That the worſt part of ignorance, is making good and ill ſeeme alike. That all this is newes onely to fooles.

Miſt. B.

Newes from the lower end of the Table.

IT is ſaid among the folke heere, that if a man die in his infancy, hee hath onely broke his faſt in this world: if in his youth, hee hath left vs at dinner. That it is bed-time with a man at three-ſcore and ten: and hee that liues to a

hundred yeeres, hath walked a mile after ſupper. That the humble minded man makes the loweſt courteſie. That grace before meat, is our election before we were: grace after meat our ſaluation when we are gone. The ſoule that halts betweene two opinions, ſa'ls betweene two ſtooles. That a foole at the vpper end of the table, is the bread before the ſalt. Hee that hates to bee reproo-ued, ſits in his owne light. Hunger is the cheapeſt ſawce, and nature the cheapeſt gueſt. The ſenſible man and the ſilent woman are the beſt diſcourſers. Repentance without amendment, is but the ſhifting of a foule trencher. Hee that tels a lie to ſaue his credit, wipes his mouth with his ſleeue to ſpare his napkin. The tongue of a Ieſter is the fiddle that the hearts of the company dance to. The tongue of a foole carues a peece of his heart to euery man that ſits next him. A ſilent man is a couered meſſe. The contented man onely is his owne caruer. Hee

that

that hath many friends eats too much ſalt with his meat. That wit without diſcretion cuts other men meat and his owne fingers. That the ſoule of a chollericke man ſits euer by the fire-ſide. That patience is the lard of the leane meat of aduerſity. The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miſer his belly into his purſe. That the beſt company makes the vpper end of the table, and not the ſalt-celler. The ſuperfluity of a mans poſſeſſions, is the broken meat that ſhould remaine to the poore. That the enuious keepes his knife in his hand, and ſwallowes his meat whole. A rich foole amongſt the wiſe is a guilt empty bowle amongſt the thirſtie. Ignorance is an inſenſible hunger. The water of life is the beſt wine. Hee that robs mee of my inuention, bids himſelfe welcome to another mans table, and I will bid him welcome when hee is gone. The vaine-glorious man piſſeth more then he drinkes. That no man can drinke an health out of the

cup of blessing. To surfet vpon wit, is more dangerous then to want it. Hee that's ouercome of any passion is drie drunke. Tis easier to fill the belly of faith then the eye of reason. The rich glutton is better fed then taught. That faith is the elbow for an heauy soule to leane on. He that sinnes that he may repent, surfets that hee may take physicke. He that rises without thanksgiuing, goes away and owes for his ordinary. Hee that beginnes to repent when hee is old, neuer washed his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meale of three courses: child-hood, youth, and old age. That to suppe well, is to liue well: and that's the way to sleepe well. That no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till hee bee dead. And therefore

Goodnight to you heere,
and good morrow hereafter.

I. C.

Newes from the Church.

IT was thought heere, that the world was made for man, and not man for the world, and that therefore they take a croſſe courſe that lye downe there. That thoſe that will not riſe, their ſoules muſt, and carry their bodies to iudgement. That we haue ſpent one inheritance already, and are prodigall of this. That there is no hope beyond mercy, and that this is that time; the next is of Iuſtice. That Chriſt when hee went away, left good ſeede in his Church; and when hee comes againe, hee ſhall finde Chriſtians, but not faith. That the Deuill hath got vpon vs, the ſame way that hee did at the firſt, by drawing ſhadowes ouer ſubſtances, as he did the body ouer the ſoule. That *Proteſtants* weare the name of Chriſt for a Charme, as *Papiſts* doe the Croſſe. That States vſe it, the Clergie liue by

it, the People follow it, more by a ſtreame, then one by one. That all are religious rather then ſome. That euery one lookes to another, but not to himſelfe. That they goe ſo by throngs to Heauen, that it is to bee feared they take the broader way. That the Church is in the world, like a Ship in the Sea; the elect in the Church, like *Ionas* amongſt the Mariners. That to mend this, is to cheate the Deuill, to turne man the right ſide outward, and ſet the ſoule foremoſt againe. That the ſoule may be too ranke too, if wee looke not to it: and ſo a *Puritane* oftentimes meetes a *Papiſt* in ſuperſtition another way. That to binde from and to indifferent things, is equall, though it bee thought otherwiſe. That ſome, out of a good meaning, haue fallen this way into a vice. That theſe faults are more ſubtill; and therefore leſſe perceiued, and leſſe to bee blamed; but as dangerous as the other, if they take head. That the rule is in all things

the

the body and the ſoule muſt goe together, but the better before. That wee haue contended ſo long about the body of Religion, that ſome men thought it was dead. That ſo *Atheiſts* are come into the Church, and that it will bee as hard to caſt them out as Deuils. That thoſe which haue thus broken the peace of *Ieruſalem*, are obliged to ſatisfaction; and thoſe which firſt gaue them cauſe of amendment. That they are a good medicine one for another, and both a good Compoſition That a pure *Biſhop* is the beſt gouernment, if the pride on both ſides would let them know it. That all Controuerſies for the moſt part, leaue the truth in the middle, and are factious at both ends. That the Church hath this good by them, they cleanſe the way for others, but not for themſelues. That ſincerity, in the cauſe of truth, is more worth then learning. That too much, and too little knowledge, haue made the world mad. That wee haue a

ſhorter

ſhorter cut to it; and a ſurer way then *Drake* had ouer the world, if wee could find it out. That euery man is a briefe of the whole; and as he is ſo, hee is greater then a King. That euery King is a briefe of his Land, and hee hath a *Patterne* of the gouernement of it alwaies about him. That as the honour that he giues vnto his Nobles and Counſellours is a charge; ſo is that which God giues him. That as hee requires an account, ſo hee muſt giue. That hee is the Image of God in his kingdome as man is in the World. That therefore the Subiects owe him obedience, as the Creatures doe Man. That thoſe that will not obey, are neither good Subiects, nor good men. That to obey well is as great a thing as to gouerne, and more mens duties. That thoſe that thinke not ſo, know not the Chriſtians part, which is to ſuffer. That though States bee naught, if they profeſſe Religion, they may deliuer many men ſafe to Heauen, though they goe not

not themſelues, and ſo they are like bad Miniſters. That this is Gods vſe of both, and of the world too, to conuey his elect to their place. That the outward face of the Church hath but the ſame vſe, and the Elect are the Church themſelues. That they are the Temple of the Holy Ghoſt, and therefore ought to plucke downe their Idols, and ſet vp God there. That the Idols of theſe times, are Couetouſneſſe, pride, Gluttony, wantonneſſe, Hereſies, and ſuch like admiration and ſeruing of our ſelues. That wee muſt make all time an occaſion of amendment, becauſe the Deuill makes it an occaſion to tempt. That hee is a Spirit, and therefore is cunninger then we. That there is no way to reſiſt him, but by the Spirit of God, which is his Maſter. That this is the gift of God, which hee giueth to all that are his. That it is encreaſed by the word, And held by humility and prayer. That Faith is the effect of it, and workes the aſſurance:

That

That thus the vnderſtanding and will, which is the whole ſoule of man, is made vp againe, and ſanctifies the body. That ſo we are the members of Chriſt. That our Head is in Heauen, as a pawne, that where he is, we ſhall be. That there is no opinion but knowledge; for it is the Science of ſoules and God the Teacher.

Newes from the bed.

THat the Bed is the beſt Rendevou of mankinde, and the moſt neceſſary ornament of a Chamber. That Souldiers are good Antiquaries in keeping the old faſhion, for the firſt bedde was the bare ground. That a mans pillow is his beſt Counſeller. That *Adam* lay in ſtate, when the Heauen was his canopie. That the naked truth is, *Adam* and *Eue* lay without ſheetes. That they were either very innocent, verie ignorant, or very impudent, they

they were not aſhamed the heauens ſhould ſee them lie without a couerlet. That it is likely *Eue* ſtudied Aſtronomy, which makes the poſteritie of her Sex euer ſince to lie on their backes. That the circumference of the bed is nothing ſo wide as the conuex of the heauens, yet it containes a whole world. That the fiue Senſes are the greateſt ſleepers. That a ſlothfull man is but a reaſonable Dormouſe. That the Soule euer awakes to watch the bodie. That a iealous man ſleepes dog-ſleepe. That ſleepe makes no difference betweene a Wiſe man and a foole. That for all times ſleepe is the beſt bedfellow. That the Deuill and miſchiefe euer wake. That loue is a dreame. That the preposterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleaſing dreames, fartheſt off when awake. That the bed payes *Venus* more cuſtome then all the world beſide. That if dreames and wiſhes had beene all true, there had not beene ſince Poperie, one Maide to make a Nun of.

That

That the ſecure man ſleepes ſoundly, and is hardly to bee awak't. That the charitable man dreames of building Churches, but ſtarts to thinke the vngodlier Courtier will pull them downe againe. That ſleepers were neuer dangerous in a State. There is a naturall reaſon, why Popiſh Prieſts chuſe the bed to confeſſe their women vpon, for they hold it neceſſary, that humiliation ſhould follow ſhrift. That if the bed ſhould ſpeake all it knowes, it would put many to the bluſh. That it is fit the bed ſhould know more then paper.

R. S.

Newes from Ship-boord.

THat Repentance without amendment, is like continuall pumping, without mending the leake. That hee that liues without Religion, ſayles without a Compaſſe. That the wantonneſſe of

of a peacefull Common-wealth, is like the playing of the Porpeſſe before a ſtorme. That the foole is Sea-ſicke in a Calme, but the Wiſemans ſtomacke endures all weathers. That paſſions in a foole are Ordinance broken looſe in a ſtorme, that alter their property of offending others and ruine himſelfe. That good Fortunes are a ſoft quickſand, aduerſity a rocke, both equally dangerous. That vertue is in pouerty a ready rigg'd Ship, that lies wind-bound. That good faſhion in a man is like the Pilot in a Shippe, that doth moſt with leaſt force. That a Fooles tongue is like the buye of an Anchor, you ſhall finde his heart by it whereſoeuer it lies. Wiſdome makes vſe of the croſſes of this world, as a skilfull Pylot of Rockes for Sea-markes to ſaile by.

H.R.

Newes from the chimney corner.

THat wit is Brushwood, Iudgement Timber: the one giues the greatest flame, the other yeeldes the durablest heat, and both meeting makes the best fire. That Bawdes and Atturneyes are Andyrons that hold vp their Clyents till they burne each other to ashes: they receiue warmth by these; these by them their destruction. That a Wise-rich-man is like the backe or stocke of the Chimney, and his wealth the fire, hee receiues it not for his owne neede, but to reflect the heat to others good. That House-keeping in England is falne from a great fire in a hot Summers day, to boughes in the Chimney all Winter long. That mans reason in matter of Faith is fire, in the first degree of his ascent flame, next smoake, and then nothing. A young fellow

fellow falne in loue with a Whore, is ſaid to be falne aſleepe in the Chimney corner. Hee that leaues his friend for his wench, forſakes his bed to ſit vp and watch a coale. That the couetous rich man onely freezes before the fire. That Choller is an ill gueſt, that piſſes in the Chimney for want of a Chamber-pot. That chaſte Beautie is like the bellowes, whoſe breath is cold, yet makes others burne. That hee that expounds the Scriptures vpon the warrant of his owne ſpirit onely, layes the brands together without tongs, and is ſure (at leaſt) to burne his owne fingers. That the Louer keepes a great fire in's houſe all the yeere long. That deuotion, like fire in froſtie weather, burnes hotteſt in affliction. That ſuch Fryers as flie the world for the trouble of it, lie in bed all day in Winter to ſpare fire-wood. That a couetous man is a Dogge in a wheele, that toiles to roaſt meat for other mens eating. The Pagans worſhipping the Sunne, are ſayd to hold their hands to

the Glo-worme in ſtead of a coale for heat. That a wiſe mans heart is like a broad hearth that keepes the coales (his paſſions) from burning the houſe. That good deeds, in this life, are coales raked vp in embers, to make a fire next day.

Paradoxes, as they were ſpoken in a Maske, and preſented *before his Maieſtie at* White-hall.

Maſculine.

1 *HE cannot bee a cuckold that weares a Gregorian,* — *For a Perriwig cannot fit ſuch a head.*

2 *A Knight of the long Robe is more honourable then a Knight made in the field.* — *For Furres are deerer then Spurs.*

3 *A Drunkard is a good Philoſopher.* — *For he thinks aright: the world goes round.*

4 *The Deuill cannot take Tobacco through his Noſe.* — *For Saint Dunſton ſeard vp that with his tongs.*

Paradoxes.

5 *A Shomaker is the fitteſt man in the pariſh to make a conſtable.* — *For he (virtute officij) may put a man into the ſtocks & eaſe him at laſt.*

6 *A Priſoner is the beſt Fencer.* — *For he euer lies at a cloſe ward.*

7 *An elder brother may bee a wiſe man.* — *For hee hath wherewithall to purchaſe experience at any rate.*

8 *Burgomaſters ought not to weare furre Gownes at midſommer.* — *For they may ſo bring in the ſweating ſickneſſe.*

9 *A Cutpurſe is the ſureſt Trade.* — *For his worke is no ſooner done, but his money is in his hand.*

Feminine.

10 *It is better to mary a widow then a maid.* — *For* Cauſa patet.

11 *Downe-*

11 *Downeright language is the best to winne a woman.* — *For plaine dealing is a Iewell, and there is no Lady but desires to haue her.*

12 *If a woman with childe long to lie with another man, her husband must consent.* — *For if hee will not shee will doe it without him.*

13 *A painted Ladie best fits a Captaine.* — *For so both may fight vnder their colours.*

14 *Rich widdowes were ordained for yonger brothers.* — *For they being borne to no lands must plough in another mans soile.*

15 *T'is dangerous to marie a widow.* — *For she hath cast her Rider.*

16 *It is good for a young Popish wench to marie an old man.* — *For shee shall bee sure to keepe all fasting nights.*

17 *A dangerous secret is safely kept in a womans bosome.* — *For no wise man will search for it there.*

18 *A woman of learning & tongues is an admirable creature.* — *For a Star-ling that can speake is a present for an Emperor.*

19 *A great Lady should not weare her owne haire.* — *For that is too meane, as a coat of her owne spinning.*

20 *A faire womans Neck should stand awrie.* — *For so she lookes as if shee look't for a kisse.*

21 *Women loue fish better then flesh.* — *For they will haue place whatsoeuer they pay for it.*

Newter.

22 *An Vsurer is the best Christian.* — *For* Quantum nummorum in arca, tantum habet, & fidei.

23 *The beſt bodies ſhould weare the meaneſt habits.* — *For painted-cloths were made to hide bare walles.*

24 *It is better to bee a begger then to be a Merchant.* — *For all the world lies open to his trafique, and yet hee payes no Cuſtome.*

25 *Tis more ſafe to bee drunke with the Hop, then with the Grape.* — *For a man ſhould bee more inward with his Countreyman then with a ſtranger.*

26 *A man deepe in debt ſhould bee as deepe in drinke.* — *For Bacchus cancels all manner of obligations.*

27 *Players houſes are more neceſſarie in a well gouern'd Commonwealth, thē ſchools.* — *For men are better taught by example then precept.*

28 *Tauernes are more requiſite in a Countrey then Academyes.* — *For it is better that the multitude were louing then learned.*

29 *A Tobacco-Shop and a Bawdy-house are Com-incidents.* — *For smoke is not without fire.*

30 *Wealth is better then Wit.* — *For few Poets haue had the fortune to bee chosen Aldermen.*

31 *Mariage frees a man from care.* — *For then his wife takes all vpon her.*

32 *A kennell of Hounds is the best Consort.* — *For they neede no tuning from morning to night.*

33 *The Court makes better schollers then the Vniuersities.* — *For when the King vouchsafes to be a* Teacher, *euery man blushes to be a* non Proficient.

34 *A nimble Page is more vsefull for a Lady then a long Gentleman-vsher.* — *For a Sparrow is more actiue then a bald Buzzard.*

35 *Tis better to bee a Coward then a Captaine.* } *For a Gooſe liues longer then a cocke of the Game.*

The Mountebankes Receipts.

An approued Receipt againſt Melancholy Feminine.

IF any Lady be ſicke of the Sullens, ſhe knowes not where, let her take a handfull of ſimples, I know not what, and vſe them I know not how, applying them to the place grieued, I know not which, and ſhee ſhall bee cured I know not when.

Againſt the Scuruy.

If any Scholler bee troubled with an Itch or breaking out, which in time may proue ſcuruy; let him firſt forbeare clawing

clawing and fretting meates, and then purge choller, but by any meanes vpwards.

For reſtoring Gentlemen-vſhers Legs.

If any Gentleman-vſher haue the Conſumption in his Legs, let him feede luſtilie vpon Veale, two moneths in the Spring-time, and forbeare all manner of Mutton, and hee ſhall increaſe in the Calfe.

For the Tentigo.

If any bee troubled with the *Tentigo*, let him trauell to *Iapan*; or becauſe the Forreſt of *Turnbolia* is of the ſame Altitude and Eleuation of the Pole, and at hand, let him hunt there for his recreation, and it ſhall be done in an inſtant.

For a Felon.

If any bee troubled with a *Felon* on his finger, whereby he hath loſt the lawfull vſe of his hand; let him but once

vſe

vſe the exerciſe of ſwinging, and ſtretch himſelfe vpon the ſoueraigne Tree of *Tyburnia*, and it will preſently kill the Felon.

For a Tympanie.

If a Virgin be ſo ſicke of *Cupid*, that the diſeaſe is growne to a *Tympanie*, let her with all ſpeede poſſible remoue her ſelfe, changing Aire for forty weekes at leaſt, keeping a ſpare diet as ſhe trauels, alwaies after vſing lawfull exerciſes, till ſhee bee maried, and then ſhee is paſt danger.

For Barrenneſſe.

If any Lady be maried, yet childleſſe, let her firſt deſire to be a mother, and eat to her breakefaſt a new laid Egge in a ſpoonefull of Goats-milke, with a ſcruple of Amber-greece, and at ſupper feed on a *Henne*, troden but by one *Cocke*; and aboue all things let her auoid hurrying in *Coaches*, eſpecially on the ſtones; and aſſuming a finer mold, then Nature meant

meant her, and no doubt ſhee ſhall fructifie.

For the falling ſickneſſe.

If any woman bee troubled with the Falling-ſickneſſe, let her firſt forbeare Phyſicke, eſpecially Suppoſitories, and Gliſters: neither let her trauell Weſtward-Ho, becauſe ſhee muſt auoid the *Ile* of *Man*. And for that it is an euill Spirit entred into her, let her for a Charme, haue alwaies her legs a croſſe, when ſhee is not walking, and this will helpe her.

For a Rupture.

If any Merchant bee troubled with a Rupture in the bowels of his Eſtate, ſo that hee cannot goe abroad, let him decoct Gold from a Pound to a Noble; taking the broth thereof from ſixe moneths to ſixe moneths, and hee ſhall bee as able a man as euer he was.

The

The Mountebankes Song.

IS any deafe? Is any blinde?
Is any bound, or looſe behind?
Is any ſoule, that would be faire?
Would any Lady change her haire?
Do's any dreame? do's any walke?
Or in his ſleepe affrighted talke?
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without, from head to heele.

Be drummes or Rattles in thy head?
Are not thy braines well tempered?
Do's Eolus thy ſtomacke gnaw?
Or breede there, (Straunge) vermine in thy maw?
Doeſt thou deſire and canſt not pleaſe?
Loe here, the beſt Cantharides.
I come to cure what ere you feele,
Within, without, from head to heele.

Euen all diſeaſes that ariſe,
From ill diſpoſed crudities;

From too much ſtudy, too much paine,
From lazineſſe, and from a ſtraine;
From any humour doing harme,
Be it dry, or moiſt, or cold, or warme.
Then come to me, what ere &c.

Of lazie Gout, I cure the rich,
I rid the beggar of the itch,
I ſteame auoid both thicke and thinne,
I diſlocated ioynts put in,
I can old age to youth reſtore,
And doe a thouſand wonders more.
Then come to me, &c.

The Second Song.

Maides of the Chamber or of the Kit-chin,
If you be troubled with an itchin,
Come giue me but a kiſſe or two,
And here is that ſhall ſoone cure you.
Nor Galen *nor* Hippocrates,
Did euer doe ſuch cures as theſe.

Cracke

Crackt maides that cannot hold your water,
Or vſe to breake winde in your laughter;
Or be you vext with Kibes, with Cornes,
Ile cure, or Cuckolds of their hornes.
Nor Galen *nor, &c.*

If luſty Sis, *Maide of the Dayrie,*
Chance to be blew nipt by the Fayrie;
For making butter with her taile,
Ile giue her that did neuer faile.
Nor Galen *nor, &c.*

Or if ſome worſt miſchance betide her,
Or that the Night-mare ouer ride her,
Or if ſhe tell all in a Dreame,
Ile helpe her for a meſſe of Creame.
Nor Galen *nor, &c.*

The third Song.

HEer's water to quench mayden fires,
Heer's ſpirits for old occupiers,

Heer's

Heer's powder to preſerue youth long,
Heer's oyle to make weake ſinewes ſtrong.
What is't you lacke, what would you buy?
What is it that you neede?
Come to me (Gallants) taſt and trie,
Heer's that will doe, will doe the deed.

This powder doth preſerue from fate,
This cureth the Maleficiate;
Loſt maidenheads, this doth reſtore,
And makes them Virgins as before.
What is't you lacke, &c.

Heer's cure for bone-ach, feuor lurdens,
Vnlawfull or vntimely Burdens,
Diſeaſes of all ſex, all Ages
This medicine cureth or aſſwages.
What is't you lacke, &c.

I haue receipts to cure the Gout,
To keepe Poxe in or put them out,
To coole hot bloods, cold bloods to warme,
Shall doe you (if no good) no harme.
What is't you lacke, &c.

FINIS.